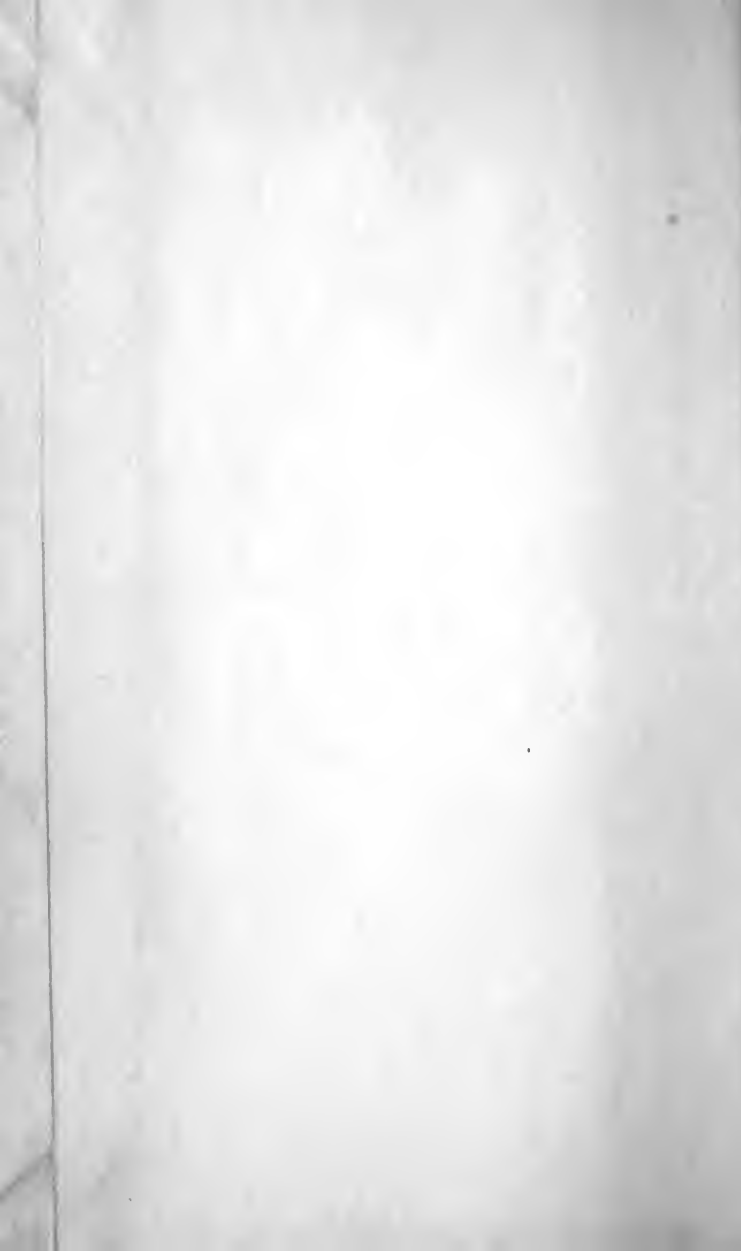


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A MOTHER AND CHILD READING.

SELECTED POEMS

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



FREDERICK W. GREENOUGH

1838.



SELECT POEMS.



SELECT POEMS;

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THIRD EDITION,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:

FREDERICK W. GREENOUGH.

.....

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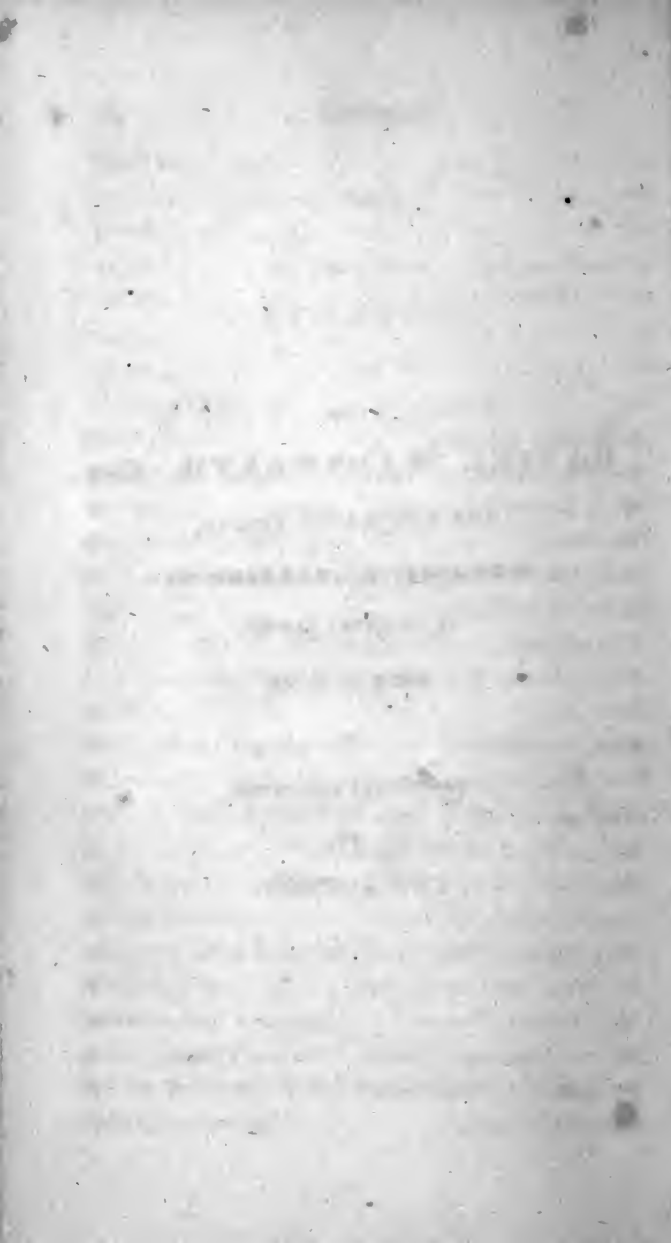
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TO
DANIEL WADSWORTH, Esq.,
THE VENERATED FRIEND,
WHO FIRST ENCOURAGED ME
TO LITERARY EFFORT,
THIS VOLUME
IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.



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111. The first of these is the fact that the
 112. of the system is not a simple one, but
 113. a complex one, involving many factors
 114. which are not yet fully understood.
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 129. a complex one, involving many factors
 130. which are not yet fully understood.

SELECT POEMS.

A MOTHER'S COUNSELS.

DAUGHTER, the Book Divine,
To which we turn for aid,
When prosperous skies unclouded shine,
Or dark wing'd storms invade,
Is ever open to thine eye,
Imprint it on thy soul,
And wisdom that can never die
Shall thy young thoughts control.

Sweetest, the cheek of bloom,
Alas! how soon 'twill wear
The clay-cold coloring of the tomb:
Then while thine own is fair,
Low at his feet imploring fall,
Who loves the humble mind,
And whose high promise is, that all
Who early seek shall find.

Come, ere thy hand hath wove
The first, fresh wreaths of Spring,
Come, ere a worn and wither'd love
Is all thou hast to bring,
Remember thy Creator's power,
While life from care is free,
And when the days of darkness lower,
He will remember thee.

Yes, give thy heart to Him,
While budding Hope is green,
And when thy mother's eye is dim
To every earthly scene,
When this fond arm that circles thee
Must chill and powerless lie,
Our parting tear, the pledge shall be
Of union in the sky.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"WHAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said a young mother, as she fondly watch'd
Her sleeping babe.

There was an answering voice,
That night, in dreams.

"Thou hast a tender flower
Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love.
Give me that flower. Such flowers there are in heaven."
—But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanch'd in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angel's song.
Lend me that harp."

There burst a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,

The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain and broke,
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony.

Again the voice
That stirr'd her vision.

"He, who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver."

So she rais'd
Her gushing eye, and ere the tear-drop dry'd
Upon its fringes, smiled.

Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

TO AN ABSENT DAUGHTER.

WHERE art thou, bird of song?
Brightest one and dearest?
Other groves among,
Other nests thou cheerest;
Sweet thy warbling skill
To each ear that heard thee,
But 'twas sweetest still
To the heart that rear'd thee.

Lamb, where dost thou rest?
On stranger-bosoms lying?
Flowers, thy path that drest,
All uncropp'd are dying;
Streams where thou didst roam
Murmur on without thee,
Lov'st thou still thy home?
Can thy mother doubt thee?

Seek thy Saviour's flock,
To his blest fold going,
Seek that smitten rock
Whence our peace is flowing;

Still should Love rejoice,
Whatsoe'er betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
Evermore might guide thee.

THE STARS.

MAKE friendship with the stars.

Go forth at night,
And talk with Aldebaran, where he flames
In the cold forehead of the wintry sky.
Turn to the sister Pleiades, and ask
If there be death in heaven? A blight to fall
Upon the brightness of unfrosted hair?
A severing of fond hearts? A place of graves?
Our sympathies are with you, stricken stars,
Clustering so closely round the lost one's place.
Too well we know the hopeless toil to hide
The chasm in love's fond circle. The lone seat
Where the meek grandsire, with his silver locks,
Reclined so happily; the fireside chair
Whence the fond mother fled; the cradle turn'd
Against the wall, and empty; well we know
The untold anguish, when some dear one falls.
How oft the life-blood trickling from our hearts,
Reveals a kindred spirit torn away!
Tears are our birth-right, gentle sister train,
And more we love you, if like us ye mourn.
—Ho! bold Orion, with thy lion-shield;

What tidings from the chase? what monster slain?
Runn'st thou a tilt with Taurus? or dost rear
Thy weapon for more stately tournament?
'Twere better, sure, to be a man of peace
Among those quiet stars, than raise the rout
Of rebel tumult, and of wild affray,
Or feel ambition with its scorpion sting
Transfix thy heel, and like Napoleon fall.
Fair queen, Cassiopeia! is thy court
Well peopled with chivalric hearts, that pay
Due homage to thy beauty? Thy levee,
Is it still throng'd as in thy palmy youth?
Is there no change of dynasty? No dread
Of revolution 'mid the titled peers
That age on age have served thee? Teach us how
To make our sway perennial, in the hearts
Of those who love us, so that when our bloom
And spring-tide wither, they in phalanx firm
May gird us round and make life's evening bright.
—But thou, O Sentinel, with sleepless eye,
Guarding the northern battlement of heaven,
For whom the seven pure spirits nightly burn
Their torches, marking out, with glittering spire,
Both hours and seasons on thy dial-plate,
How turns the storm-tost mariner to thee!
The poor lost Indian, having nothing left
In his own ancient realm, not even the bones
Of his dead fathers, lifts his brow to thee,
And glads his broken spirit with thy beam.

The weary caravan, with chiming bells,
Making strange music 'mid the desert sands,
Guides, by thy pillar'd fires, its nightly march.
Reprov'st thou not our faith so oft untrue
To its Great Pole Star, when some surging wave
Foams o'er our feet, or thorns beset our way?
—Speak out the wisdom of thy hoary years,
Arcturus! patriarch! Mentor of the train,
That gather radiance from thy golden urn.
We are of yesterday, short-sighted sons
Of this dim orb, and all our proudest lore
Is but the alphabet of ignorance:
Yet ere we trace its little round, we die.
Give us thy counsel, ere we pass away.
—Lyra, sweet Lyra, sweeping on with song,
While glorious Summer decks the listening flowers,
Teach us thy melodies; for sinful cares
Make discord in our hearts. Hast thou the ear
Of the fair planets that encircle thee,
As children round the hearth-stone? Canst thou quell
Their woes with music? or their infant eyes
Lull to soft sleep? Do thy young daughters join
Thy evening song? Or does thine Orphean art
Touch the warm pulses of the neighbor stars
And constellations, till they higher lift
The pilgrim-staff to run their glorious way?
—Hail, mighty Sirius! monarch of the suns,
Whose golden sceptre subject worlds obey;
May we, in this poor planet speak to thee?

WILD FLOWERS GATHERED FOR A SICK FRIEND.

Rise from the dells where ye first were born,
From the tangled beds of the weed and thorn,
Rise, for the dews of the morn are bright,
And haste away, with your eyes of light.
—Should the green-house patricians, with withering frown,
On your simple vestments look haughtily down,
Shrink not, for His finger your heads hath bow'd
Who heeds the lowly, and humbles the proud.
—The tardy spring, and the chilling sky,
Hath meted your robes with a miser's eye,
And check'd the blush of your blossoms free;
With a gentler friend your home shall be;
To a kinder ear you may tell your tale
Of the zephyr's kiss, and the scented vale:
Ye are charm'd! ye are charm'd! and your fragrant sigh
Is health to the bosom on which ye die.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

DEATH found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
 And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
 On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
 And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
 There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
 Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
 The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
 For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
 With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
 Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
 The seal of silence.

But there beam'd a smile,

* This little poem has been inserted by mistake, in one of the American editions of the late Mrs. Hemans. Though this is accounted by the real author, as a high honor, it is still proper to state, that it was originally composed at Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and comprised in a volume of poems, published in Boston, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq. in 1827. Should other testimony be necessary, it may be mentioned that a letter from Mrs. Hemans, to a friend in this country, pointing out some poems in that volume which pleased her, designated, among others, the "Death of an Infant."

So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dar'd not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

“ PERDIDI DIEM.”

The Emperor Titus, at the close of a day in which he had neither gained knowledge nor conferred benefit, was accustomed to exclaim, “perdidi diem,” “ *I have lost a day.*”

WHY art thou sad, thou of the sceptred hand?

The rob’d in purple, and the high in state?

Rome pours her myriads forth, a vassal band,

And foreign powers are crouching at thy gate;

Yet dost thou deeply sigh, as if oppress’d by fate.

“Perdidi diem!”—Pour the empire’s treasure,

Uncounted gold, and gems of rainbow dye;

Unlock the fountains of a monarch’s pleasure

To lure the lost one back. I heard a sigh,

One hour of parted time, a world is poor to buy.

“Perdidi diem.”—’Tis a mournful story,

Thus in the ear of pensive eve to tell,

Of morning’s firm resolves, the vanish’d glory,

Hope’s honey left within the withering bell,

And plants of mercy dead, that might have bloom’d so well.

Hail, self-communing Emperor, nobly wise!

There are, who thoughtless haste to life’s last goal;

There are, who time's long-squandered wealth despise;

Perdidi vitam marks their finished scroll,

When Death's dark angel comes to claim the startled soul.

TO THE CACTUS SPECIOSISSIMUS.

Who hung thy beauty on such rugged stalk,
Thou glorious flower ?

Who pour'd the richest hues,
In varying radiance, o'er thine ample brow,
And like a mesh those tissued stamens laid
Upon thy crimson lip ?—

Thou glorious flower!

Methinks it were no sin to worship thee,
Such passport hast thou from thy Maker's hand,
To thrill the soul. Lone on thy leafless stem,
Thou bidd'st the queenly rose with all her buds
Do homage, and the green-house peerage bow
Their rainbow coronets.

Hast thou no thought ?

No intellectual life? thou who canst wake
Man's heart to such communings? no sweet word
With which to answer him? 'Twould almost seem
That so much beauty needs must have a soul,
And that such form, as tints the gazer's dream,
Held higher spirit than the common clod
On which we tread.

Yet while we muse, a blight

Steals o'er thee, and thy shrinking bosom shows
The mournful symptoms of a wan disease.
I will not stay to see thy beauties fade.
—Still must I bear away within my heart
Thy lesson of our own mortality,
The fearful withering of each blossom'd bough
On which we lean, of every bud we fain
Would hide within our bosoms from the touch
Of the destroyer.

So instruct us, Lord !

Thou Father of the sunbeam and the soul,
Even by the simple sermon of a flower,
To cling to Thee.

ANNA BOLEYN.

The axe with which Anna Boleyn was beheaded, is still preserved in the Tower, at London.

STERN minister of fate severe,
 Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
 Defying time, dost linger here,
 And frown with ruffian visage drear,
 Like beacon on destruction's flood:
 Say!—when ambition's giddy dream
 First lured thy victim's heart aside,
 Why, like a serpent, didst thou hide,
 'Mid clustering flowers, and robes of pride,
 Thy warning gleam?

Had'st thou but once arisen in vision, dread,
 From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd when St. Edward's crown
 So heavily press'd her tresses fair,
 That, with sleepless wrath, its thorns of care
 Would rankle within her couch of down!
 To the tyrant's bower,
 In her beauty's power,

She came as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves its snare.

Think!—what were her pangs as she traced her fate
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?
What were the thoughts which, at midnight hour,
Throng'd o'er her soul, in her dungeon tower?

Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouch'd the deep'ning scene:

Delightful France, whose genial skies
Bade her gay childhood's pleasure rise;
Earl Percy's love, his youthful grace,
Her gallant brother's fond embrace;
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where proud heraldic annals deck'd the ancient walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's gloom,
Brief tenant of that living tomb
She stands!—the life blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part;
But her infant daughter's image fair
In the smile of innocence is there,
It clings to her soul 'mid its last despair;
And the desolate queen is doom'd to know
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's wo.

Say! did prophetic light
Illume her darkening sight,

Painting the future island-queen,
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from blood-stained ashes rising,
Wise, energetic, bold, serene?
Ah no! the scroll of time
Is sealed;—and hope sublime
Rests, but on those far heights, which mortals may not climb.

The dying prayer, with trembling fervor, speeds
For that false monarch by whose will she bleeds;
For him, who, listening on that fatal morn,
Hears her death signal o'er the distant lawn
From the deep cannon speaking,
Then springs to mirth and winds his bugle horn,
And riots while her blood is reeking:—
For him she prays, in seraph tone,
“Oh!—be his sins forgiven!
Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,
To be a saint in heaven.”

EVENING AT HOME.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

LOUD roars the hoarse storm from the angry north,
As if the wintry spirit, loth to leave
Its wonted haunts, came rudely rushing on,
Fast by the steps of the defenceless Spring,
To hurl his frost-spear at her shrinking flowers.

Yet while the tempest o'er the charms of May
Sweeps dominant, and with discordant tone
The wild blast rules without, peace smiles within;
The fire burns cheerful, and the taper clear
Alternate aids the needle, or illumines
The page sublime, inciting the rapt soul
To soar above the warring elements.
My gentle kitten at my footstool sings
Her song monotonous, and, full of joy,
Close by my side my tender mother sits,
Industriously bent—her brow still bright
With beams of lingering youth, while he, the sire
The faithful guide, indulgently doth smile

At our discourse, or wake the tuneful hymn
Which best he loves.

Fountain of life and light!—
Father Supreme! from whom our joys descend,
As streams flow from their source, and unto whom
All good on earth shall finally return
As to a natural centre, praise is due
To Thee from all thy works; nor least from me,
Though, in thy scale of being, light and low.

From thee is shed whate'er of joy or peace
Doth sparkle in my cup—health, hope and bliss,
And pure parental love, beneath whose roof
My ever grateful heart doth feel no want
Of sister, or of brother, or of friend.

Therefore, to Thee be all the honor given,
Whether young morning, with her vestal lamp,
Warn from my couch, or sober twilight gray
Lead on the willing night, or summer-sky
Spread its smooth azure, or contending storms
Muster their wrath; or whether in the shade
Of much loved solitude, deep wove and close,
I rest, or gaily share the social scene,
Or wander wide to twine with stranger-hearts
New sympathies; or wheresoever else
Thy hand may place me, let my steadfast eye
Behold Thee, and my soul attune thy praise.

To Thee alone, in humble trust I come
For strength and wisdom. Leaning on thine arm
Fain would I pass this intermediate state,
This vale of discipline; and when its mists
Shall fleet away, I trust thou wilt not leave
My soul in darkness, for thy word is truth;
Nor are thy thoughts like the vain thoughts of man,
Nor thy ways like his ways.

Therefore I rest
In hope, and sing thy praise, Father Supreme!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

GROUP after group are gathering, such as prest
 Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
 Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
 Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;
 Group after group glide on with noiseless tread
 And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
 Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
 And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
 Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
 Wan poverty hath done the work of care;
 Look up, ye sad ones!—'tis your Father's house,
 Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;
 More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
 And watch the gaudier forms that gaily rove,
 And deem perchance, mistaken as you are,
 The "coat of many colors" proves His love,
 Whose sign is in the heart and whose reward above.

And ye, blest laborers in this humble sphere,
 To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,

Who from your cells of meditation dear

Come forth to guide the weak, untutor'd mind—

Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined

Of grateful love, one tear of contrite pain.

Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind

The rest of earthly Sabbaths. Be your gain

A Sabbath without end, 'mid yon celestial plain.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

"TELL me a story—please," my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me down
And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God. But one good man,
Who long had warn'd the wicked to repent
Obey and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an Ark; and thither, with his wife,
And children, turned for safety. Two and two,
Of beasts and birds, and creeping things he took,
With food for all; and when the tempest roared,
And the great fountains of the sky poured out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.
And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the Ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.

All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drowned,
Because of disobedience. Nought she spied
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curled her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired Ark
Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit, reared
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,

And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks
"The Ark and Dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a sealed lip: and tenderly hath blent
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
New in the rosy mesh of infancy,
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring Dove, and find no rest,
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming Hand
May gently guide it to the Ark of Peace.

SONG OF THE ICELANDIC FISHERMAN.

YIELD the bark to the breezes free,
 Point her helm to the far deep sea,
 Where Heckla's watch-fire, streaming wild,
 Hath never the mariner's eye beguiled,
 Where, in boiling baths, strange monsters play
 Down to the deep sea—launch away!

Gay over coral reefs we steer
 Where moulder the bones of the brave,
 Where the beautiful sleep on their humid bier,
 And the pale pearl gleams in its quenchless sphere,
 The lamp of their Ocean grave;
 Swift o'er the crested surge we row;
 Down to the fathomless sea we go.

King of Day! to thee we turn,
 May our course be blest by thee,
 Eyes bright as thine in our homes shall burn,
 When again our hearths we see;
 When the scaly throng, to our skill a prey,
 At the feet of our fur 'clad maids we lay.

Thou art mighty in wrath, devouring tide!
The strong ship loves o'er thy foam to ride,
Her banner by bending clouds carest,
The waves at her keel, and a world in her breast;
Thou biddest the blast of thy billows sweep,
Her tall masts bow to the cleaving deep,
And seal'd in thy cells her proud ones sleep.

Our sails are as chaff, when the tempest raves,
And our boat a speck on the mountain waves:
Yet we pour not to thee, the imploring strain,
We sooth not thine anger, relentless Main!
Libation we pour not, nor vow, nor prayer,
Our hope is in thee,
God of the sea!
The deep is thy path, and the soul thy care.

THE BROKEN VASE.

So, here thou art in ruins, brilliant Vase,
Beneath my footsteps. 'Tis a pity, sure,
That aught so beautiful, should find its fate,
From careless fingers.

Fain would I divine
Thy history. Who shap'd thy graceful form,
And touch'd thy pure, transparent brow with tints
Of varied hue, and gave the enamel'd robe,
Deep-wrought with gold?

Thou wert a costly gift.
Perchance, a present to some fair young bride,
Who 'mid her wedding-treasures nicely pack'd
Thee in soft cotton, that the jarring wheel,
O'er the rough road careering, might not mar
Thy symmetry. Within her new abode,
She proudly plac'd thee, rich with breathing flowers,
And as the magic shell from ocean borne
Doth hoard the murmur of its coral-caves,
So thou didst tell her twilight reverie, tales
Of her far home, and seem to breathe the tones
Of her young, sporting sisters.

'Tis in vain

No art may join these fragments, or cement
Their countless chasms.

And yet there's many a wreck
Of costlier things, for which the wealth of Earth
May yield no reparation.

He, who hangs
His all of happiness on beauty's smile,
And, 'mid that dear illusion, treads on thorns,
And feels no wound, or climbs the rocky steep
Unconscious of fatigue, hath oft-times mark'd
A dying dolphin's brightness at his feet,
And found it but the bubble of his hope,
Disparting like the rainbow.

They who run
Ambition's race, and on their compeers tread
With fever'd eagerness to grasp the goal,
Oft see the envied prize, like waxen toy,
Melt in the passion-struggle.

He, who toils
Till lonely midnight, o'er the waning lamp,
Twining the cobweb of poetic thought,
Or forging links from Learning's molten gold,
Till his brain dazzles, and his eye turns dim,
Then spreads his gatherings with a proud delight
To the cold bosom'd public, oft perceives
Each to his "farm and merchandise" return
Regardless of his wisdom, or perchance
Doth hear the hammer of harsh criticism,
Grinding his ore to powder, finer far

Than the light sand of Congo's yellow stream.
—Yea, 'mid earth's passing pilgrims, many a one
Of its new gained possessions, fondly proud,
Doth, like the Patriarch, find his seven years' toil
Paid with a poor deceit.

Crush'd Vase, farewell.

I thank thee for thy lesson. Thou hast warn'd
That the heart's treasures be not rashly risk'd
In earthen vessels, but in caskets stor'd,
Above the wrecking ministry of Time.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

So, here thou art, old friend,
 Ready thine aid to lend,
 With honest face,
 The gilded figures just as bright
 Upon thy painted case,
 As when I ran with young delight
 Their garniture to trace,
 Forbidden still thy burnish'd robe to touch
 I gaz'd with folded hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sate
 Near in her elbow chair,
 Teaching with patient care
 Life's young beginner, on thy dial plate
 To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
 And mark each hour with deeds of love?
 Lo, she hath broke her league with time, and found the rest
 above.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone!
 'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,
 And hear thy busy heart beat on.

Come; tell old tales to me:
Old tales such as I love, of hoar antiquity,

Thou hast good store, I trow,
For laughing and for weeping,
Things very strange to know,
And none the worse for keeping.
Soft tales have lovers told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's watching hour waxed old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,
In thy sly corner hid sublime,
With thy '*tick tick*'—to warn how Time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading ere the wreath which its fond votaries twine.

The unuttered hopes and fears,
The deep drawn rapturous tears,
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee.
The nursling's first faint cry,
Which from a bright haired girl of dance and Song,
The idol, incense-fed, of an adoring throng,
Did make a mother, with her quenchless eyes
Of love, and truth, and trust, and holiest memories.
So Death's sharp ministry,
Maketh an angel, when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,

And while it marked thy face with curious fear,
Thou didst awake the new-born thought,
Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky;
Though the nurse, standing still more near,
Saw nothing but the body's growing wealth,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working in mystery and health
Its wondrous way.

Thy voice was like a knell,
Chiming all mournful with the funeral bell,
When stranger-feet came gathering slow
To see the master of the mansion borne
To that last home, the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

A sluggard wert thou to the impatient breast,
Of watching lover, or long-parted wife,
Counting each moment while the day unblest,
Like wounded snake, its length did draw;
And blaming thee, as if the strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law,
When thou wert pledg'd in amity sublime,
To crystal-breasted truth and sky-reporting time.

Glad signal thou hast given
For the gay bridal, when with flower-wreath'd hair,
And flushing cheek the youthful pair

Stand near the priest with reverent air,
Dreaming that earth is heaven:—
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair
The green-wreathed Christmas, and that other feast,
With which the hard lot of colonial care
The pilgrim-sire besprinkled; saving well,
The, luscious pumpkin, and the fatted beast,
And the rich apple, with its luscious swell,
Till, the thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous hoard,
As, gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladden'd hearts in love they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the gray father's board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock!
He in his cold grave sleeps; but thy slight wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.
O Man! so prodigal of pride and praise,
Thy works survive thee—dead machines perform
Their revolution, while thy scythe-shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm—
How dar'st thou sport with Time, while he
Plunges thee darkly in Eternity?
Haste! ere its wave engulfs thy form,
And make thy peace with Him who rules above the storm.

TO A SHRED OF LINEN.

Would they swept cleaner!—

Here's a littering shred

Of linen left behind—a vile reproach
 To all good housewifery. Right glad am I,
 That no neat lady, train'd in ancient times
 Of pudding-making, and of sampler-work,
 And speckless sanctity of household care,
 Hath happened here, to spy thee. She, no doubt,
 Keen looking through her spectacles, would say,
 “ *This comes of reading books*:—or some spruce beau,
 Essenc'd and lilly-handed, had he chanc'd
 To scan thy slight superfices, 'twould be
 “ *This comes of writing poetry*.”—Well—well—
 Come forth—offender!—hast thou aught to say?
 Canst thou by merry thought, or quaint conceit,
 Repay this risk, that I have run for thee?
 —Begin at alpha, and resolve thyself
 Into thine elements. I see the stalk
 And bright, blue flower of flax, which erst o'erspread
 That fertile land, where mighty Moses stretch'd
 His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom
 Tinging, too scantily, these New England vales.

But, lo! the sturdy farmer lifts his flail,
To crush thy bones unpitying, and his wife
With 'kerchief'd head, and eyes brimful of dust,
Thy fibrous nerves, with hatchel-tooth divides.

——I hear a voice of music—and behold!

The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.

Perchance, his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought,
(*For men have deeper minds than women—sure!*)

Is calculating what a thrifty wife

The maid will make; and how his dairy shelves
Shall groan beneath the weight of golden cheese,
Made by her dexterous hand, while many a keg
And pot of butter, to the market borne,
May, transmigrated, on his back appear,
In new thanksgiving coats.

Fain would I ask,
Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,
By sofa and piano quite displac'd.

Why dost thou banish from thy parlor-hearth
That old Hygeian harp, whose magic rul'd
Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill
Exorcis'd Saul's ennui? There was no need,
In those good times, of trim callisthenics,
And there was less of gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heart-felt comfort, rooted strong
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit,

As wealth might never purchase.

But come back,
Thou shred of linen. I did let thee drop,
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost
The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot
When the rough battery of the loom had stretch'd
And knit thy sinews, and the chemist sun
Thy brown complexion bleach'd?

Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case.—Did the trim guest,
To the best chamber usher'd, e'er admire
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth
Feeding thy vanity? or some sweet babe
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee?
Say, hast thou listen'd to the sick one's moan,
When there was none to comfort?—or shrunk back
From the dire tossings of the proud man's brow?
Or gather'd from young beauty's restless sigh
A tale of untold love?

Still, close and mute!—
Wilt tell no secrets, ha?—Well then, go down,
With all thy churl-kept hoard of curious lore,
In majesty and mystery, go down
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws,
Stainless and smooth, emerge.—Happy shall be
The renovation, if on thy fair page
Wisdom and truth, their hallow'd lincaments

Trace for posterity. So shall thine end
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard
Thine apotheosis immortalise.

FROST AND THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE Dahlia called to the Mignonette,

And what do you think she said?

"King Frost has been seen in the vale below!"

And they trembled and shook with dread.

Then the Wax-Berry knocked at the Woodbine's bower,

Looking as pale as clay;

"Have you got any water, dear friend?" said she,

"I'm afraid I shall faint away."

Poor "Love lies bleeding," sigh'd and wept,

'Twas a pitiful sight to see;

"Yet I don't know as I can be any worse off

Than I've been through the summer," said he.

"Alas!" the gay Carnation cried,

"The Rose, on her dying day,

Bade me prepare for this solemn hour,

But I've trifled my time away."

The Poppy complained that her nerves were hurt

By her neighbor's noise and fright,

And the Coxcomb said, " 'twas a burning shame
To trouble a belle so bright."

Lady Larkspur nodded her graceful head,
And whisper'd the young Sweet-Pea,
"Have you heard the terrible news, my love?"
" 'Tis nothing but gossip," said she.

"For the Sun went down with as mild a ray
As ever he had in his life,
And my master walks with a pleasant smile,
And so does the lady, his wife."

"Cousin Zephyr was here," cried the Asters fair,
"He made us a morning call,
And if such tidings as these were true,
He would surely have told us all."

" 'Tis doubtless a hoax," said the Sun-flower grave;
"Don't you think that the higher powers
Would have told it to one of my rank, before
Those pert, little radical flowers?"

Yet still, Mimosa stood all aghast,
And the Marigolds fear'd to stir,
And the Mourning-Widow quak'd anew,
Though the world was dark to her.

But Constancy look'd, with a changeless eye,
On King Frost, and his legions proud,
For she kept the sunbeam in her heart,
And her trust was above the cloud.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

AN ax rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty.—There, with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold Emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguil'd the toil.

“ Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compar'd to that,
Was but a creeping stream.”

“ Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtur'd in the garden bound,
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,

Than this dark forest, shutting out the day.”
—“What, ho!—my little girl,” and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain’d
His noon repast, look’d upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

“See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing’d paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?”
—“I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now
Methinks if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets.”

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declin’d, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores.

Starting he spake—
“Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,

Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home,"
"No—no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolv'd the illusion."

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassur'd his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content, and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd proudly neigh'd,
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning rov'd
'Mid the lov'd scenery of his native land.

ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

COME in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
Come take in our father's best parlor a share,
You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,
Where the angry lakes roar and the northern winds blow;
Come in, we've a pretty large household, 'tis true,
But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,
His dessert to embellish, how kind was the thought;
A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,
And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too,
The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree,
What a good little sister—come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides very cunningly stor'd,
To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board,
Detroit, Ypsilanti—Ann Arbour and more—
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store,
You're a prog, I perceive—it is true to the letter,
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians—so feeble and few?
So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew!
From the forests they fade, o'er the waters that bore
The names of their baptism, they venture no more—
O sooth their sad hearts ere they vanish afar,
Nor quench the faint beams of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,
Are the stateliest dames of our family,
Your thirteen old sisters, don't treat them with scorn,
They were notable spinsters before you were born,
Many stories they know, most instructive to hear,
Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to spell,
Who stood at the helm, when the war tempest fell,
They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky
In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July;
When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,
And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,
And say they usurp what they cannot hold;
Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray,
But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray;
For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,
Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,
But you've as good right to your penny as they;
Though the price of our freedom, they better have known,
Since they paid for it, out of their purses alone,
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,
So, hold up your head with the "Old Thirteen."

SOLITUDE.

DEEP Solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.

Thither I went,

And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount,
For which it long had thirsted 'mid the strife
And fever of the world.—I thought to be
There without witness.—But the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.
There were glad voices too.—The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history.—Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one.—Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray, the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,

While, from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought
To be alone and silent in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love!—It might not be!—
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. Even the desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he,
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

NATURE'S ROYALTY.

“ SHOW me a king, whose high decree
By all his realm is blest,
Whose heaven-deputed sway shall be
Deep in his subjects' breast.”
And lo! a radiant throne was nigh,
A gorgeous purple robe,
A lofty form, an eagle eye,
That aimed to rule the globe.

Peers at his bidding came and went,
Proud hosts to battle trod;
Even high-soul'd Genius humbly bent
And hailed him as a God.
Wealth spread her treasures to his sight,
Fame bade her clarion roll;—
But yet his sceptre seemed to blight
The freedom of the soul.

And deep within his bosom lay
The poison'd shaft of care,
Nor ermined pomp, nor regal sway
Forbade its rankling there.

No fearless truth his ear addressed,
Though crowds extoll'd his ways;
A hollow-hearted thing at best
Was all their courtly praise.

I saw Suspicion cloud his day,
And fear his firmness move;
And felt there was no perfect sway
Save what is built on love.
"Show me a king."—They brought a child
Clad in his robe of white,
His golden curls waved loose and wild,
His full blue eye was bright.

A haughty warrior strode that way,
Whose crest had never bowed
Beneath his brother of the clay
In battle or in crowd:—
Yet down before that babe he bent,
A captive to his charms,
And meek, as with a slave's intent,
Received him in his arms.

Beauty was near, and love's warm sigh
Burst forth from manhood's breast,
While pride was kindling in that eye
Which saw its power confest:—
"Sing me a song," the urchin cried,
And from her lips did part.

A strain to kneeling man denied,
Rich music of the heart.

A sage austere, for learning famed,
Frown'd with abstracted air:
"Tell me a tale," the child exclaimed,
And boldly climbed his chair:
While he (how wondrous was the change !)
Poured forth, in language free,
Enforc'd with gestures strong and strange,
A tale of Araby.

"I sought a king:"—And Nature cried
His royalty revere,
Who conquers beauty, power and pride,
Thus with a smile or tear:
The anointed monarch's eye may wake,
His bosom grieve alone,
But infant Innocence doth make
The human heart its throne.

THE TIME TO DIE.

There is a time to die. KING SOLOMON.

I HEARD a stranger's hearse move heavily
Along the pavement. Its deep gloomy pall
No hand of kindred or of friend upbore.
But from the cloud, that veiled his western couch,
The lingering sun shed forth one transient ray,
Like sad and tender farewell to some plant
Which he had nourished. On the giddy crowd
Went dancing in their own enchanted maze,
Drowning the echo of those tardy wheels
Which hoarsely warn'd them of a time to die.
I saw a sable train in sorrow bend
Around a tomb.—There was a stifled sob,
And now and then a pearly tear fell down
Upon the tangled grass.—But then there came
The damp clod harshly on the coffin lid,
Curdling the life blood at the mourner's heart,
While audibly it spake to every ear
“There is a time to die.”

And then it seemed

As if from every mound and sepulchre

In that lone cemetery—from the sward
Where slept the span-long infant—to the grave
Of him who dandled on his wearied knee
Three generations—from the turf that veil'd
The wreck of mouldering beauty, to the bed
Where shrank the loathed beggar—rose a cry
From all those habitants of silence—"Yea!—
There is a time to die."

— Methought that truth,

In every tongue, and dialect, and tone,
Peal'd o'er each region of the rolling globe;
The Simoon breathed it, and the Earthquake groan'd
A hollow, deep response—the Avalanche
Wrote it in terror on a snowy scroll—
The red Volcano belch'd it forth in flames—
Old Ocean bore it on his whelming surge,
And yon, pure, broad, cerulean arch grew dark
With death's eternal darts.—But joyous Man,
To whom kind heaven the ceaseless warning sent,
Turn'd to his phantom pleasures, and deferr'd,
To some convenient hour, the time to die.

FORGOTTEN FLOWERS TO A BRIDE.

WE were left behind, but we would not stay,
We found your clue, and have kept the way,
For, soothe to tell, the track was plain
Of a bliss like yours, in a world of pain.
—How little we thought, when so richly we drest,
To go to your wedding, and vie with the best,
When we made our toilette, with such elegant care,
That we might not disgrace an occasion so rare,
To be whirl'd in a coach, at this violent rate,
From county to county, and State to State!
—Though we travell'd incog, yet we trembled with fear,
For the accents of strangers fell hoarse on our ear;
We could hear every word, as we quietly lay
In the snug box of tin, where they stow'd us away:
But how would our friends at a distance have known
If, charm'd by our beauty, they'd made us their own?
—All unus'd to the taverns and roads, as we were,
Our baggage and bones were a terrible care:
Yet we've 'scaped every peril, the journey is o'er,
And hooded and cloak'd, we are safe at your door.
—We bring you a gift from your native skies,
The crystal gem from affection's eyes,

Which tenderly trickles, when dear ones part,
We have wrapp'd it close in the rose's heart:
We are charg'd with a mother's benison kiss,
Will you welcome us in, to your halls, for this?
—We are chill'd with the cold of our wintry way,
Our message is done, we must fade away:
Let us die on your breast, and our prayer shall be
An Eden's wreath, for thy love and thee.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

How slow yon lonely vessel ploughs the main!
 Amid the heavy billows now she seems
 A toiling atom; then, from wave to wave
 Leaps madly, by the tempest lash'd, or reels
 Half wreck'd through gulfs profound.

Moons wax and wane,

But still that patient traveller treads the deep.
 —I see an ice-bound coast toward which she steers
 With such a tardy movement, that it seems
 Stern Winter's hand hath turn'd her keel to stone,
 And seal'd his victory on her slippery shrouds.
 —They land! they land! not like the Genoese
 With glittering sword, and gaudy train, and eye
 Kindling with golden fancies. Forth they come
 From their long prison, hardy forms that brave
 The world's unkindness, men of hoary hair,
 Maidens of fearless heart, and matrons grave,
 Who hush the wailing infant with a glance.
 Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
 Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
 And savage men, who through the thickets peer
 With vengeful arrow. What could lure their steps

To this drear desert? Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the guide who call'd him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands.

But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.

They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims. Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last, frail link,
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is sever'd? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
With keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones?

Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck. Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms? No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famish'd huts, and pray!
Pray, and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air. Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,
A loftiness, to face a world in arms,
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay,
On duty's sacred altar, the warm blood
Of slain affections, should they rise between
The soul and God.

Oh ye, who proudly boast,

In your free veins, the blood of sires like these,
Look to their lineaments. Dread lest ye lose
Their likeness in your sons.

Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue, or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth-rock, and where they knelt
Kneel, and renew the vow they breath'd to God.

ON THE LOSS OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD AT
TRENTON FALLS.

JULY, 1836.

No cloud upon the summer air,
The forest boughs are green and fair,
And Trenton's foaming waters throw
Their freshness on the vales below,
And joyous spirits tread
The slippery margin of the tide
That on from plunge to plunge doth glide,
So beautiful and dread;
Hark! to a cry of wild despair
Echoing from yon guarded dell,

Where the imprison'd flood doth to fierce madness swell.

Where is that lovely one,
Of fawn-like step, and cherub air,
And brow that knew no care?
Fearful torrent! tell me where!
She mark'd thee with admiring eye,
Thy fringed shore, thy craggy steep,
Thy boiling eddies, bold and deep,

Thy white mists curtaining to the sky;
Where is she now? with sorrow wild,
I hear a mother's voice, lamenting for her child.

Thou terrible in beauty! hold thy way
Foaming and full of wrath. Thy deeds shall be
Grav'd on yon altar-piece of rugged rock,
And every worshipper who bows to thee
Shall read the record, and, indignant, mock
Thy siren charms. And henceforth she, who guides
Some darling child along thy treacherous tides,
Marking this trophy thou hast torn
From the fond parent's heart, shall haste away and mourn.

THOUGHT.

“By thy thoughts thou shalt be judged.

STAY, winged thought! I fain would question thee;
 Though thy bright pinion is less palpable
 Than filmy gossamer, more swift in flight
 Than light's transmitted ray.

Art thou a friend?

Thou wilt not answer me. Thou hast no voice
 For mortal ear. Thy language is with God.
 —I fear thee. Thou'rt a subtle husbandman,
 Sowing thy little seed, of good or ill,
 In the moist, unsunn'd surface of the heart.
 But what thou there in secrecy dost plant
 Stands with its ripe fruit at the judgment-day.
 —What hast thou dar'd to leave within my breast?
 Tell me thy ministry in that lock'd cell
 Of which I keep the key, till Death shall come.
 Knowest thou that I must give account for thee?
 Disrobe thee of thy mystery, and show
 What witness thou hast borne to the high Judge.
 —Oh Man! so prodigal of words, in deeds
 Oft wise and wary, lest thy brother worm

Should hang thereon, his echo-taunt of shame,
How dar'st thou trifle with all-fearful thought?
—Beware of thoughts. They whisper to the heavens.
Though mute to thee, they prompt the diamond pen
Of the recording angel.

Make them friends!

Those dread seed-planters for Eternity,
Those sky-reporting heralds. Make them friends!

CHANGES.

Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.

THE PROPHET MICAH.

THE vines are wither'd, oh, my love,
 That erst we taught to tower,
 And in a mesh of fragrance wove,
 Around our summer-bower.

The ivy on the ancient wall
 Doth in its budding fade;
 The stream is dry, whose gentle fall
 A lulling murmur made.

The tangled weeds have choak'd the flowers;
 The trees, so lately bright,
 In all the pomp of vernal hours
 Reveal a blackening blight,

There is a sigh upon the gale
 That doth the willow sway,
 A murmur from the blossoms pale,
 "Arise, and come away."

So, when this life in clouds shall hide
 Its garland fair and brief,
And every promise of its pride
 Must wear the frosted leaf;

Then may the undying soul attain
 That heritage sublime,
Where comes no pang of parting pain,
 Nor change of hoary time.

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
 Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare

To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
 Or love, or sorrow—'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
 Retire abash'd. For he doth sometimes seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer—and recall
 His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,
 Dost rest not, night or day.—The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,

That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unending volume.

Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them,
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

THE SICK CHILD.

Thy fever'd arms around me,
My little, suffering boy—
'Tis better thus with thee to watch,
Than share in fashion's joy.

The pale nurse-lamp is waning
Upon the shaded hearth,
And dearer is its light to me
Than the gay flambeau's mirth.

I've lov'd the merry viol
That spurs the dancer's heel,
And those soft tremblings of the lute
O'er summer's eve that steal;

But when hath richest music
Been to my soul so dear,
As that half-broken sob of thine
Which tells that sleep is near?

I knew not half how precious
The cup of life might be,

Till o'er thy cradle bed I knelt,
And learn'd to dream of thee;

Till at the midnight hour I found
Thy head upon my arm,
And saw thy full eye fix'd on mine,
A strong, mysterious charm;

Till at thy first faint lisp
That tear of rapture stole,
Which ever as a pearl had slept
Deep in the secret soul.

A coffin small, and funeral,
With all their sad array,
Gleam as my broken slumbers fleet
On sable wing away.

Rouse, rouse me, ere such visions
My heated brain can sear,
For still my baby's heavy knell
Comes booming o'er my ear.

Cling closer, round my bosom
Thy feeble arms entwine,
And while the life-throb stirs thy heart,
Be as a part of mine.

That start, that cry, that struggle!

My God—I am but clay,

Have pity on a bruised reed,

Give thy compassion sway;

Or send thy strength to gird me,

Impart a power divine,

To wring out sorrow's dregs, and say

“Lord, not my will but thine.”

TWILIGHT.

I WOULD ye had not glared on me so soon,
 Officious lamps!—that gild the parlor scene
 With such oppressive brightness.—They were here
 Whose garments like the tissue of our dreams
 Steal o'er the eye, and win it from the world.
 They smiled on me so sweetly, and their hands
 Clasped mine, and their calm presence woo'd away
 The throb of grief so tenderly—I would
 That twilight to the purple peep of dawn
 Had kindly lingered.

She, who nearest hung,
 Pressing my head to her meek, matron breast,
 Was one who lulled me to my cradle sleep,
 With such blest melodies as memory pours
 Fresh from her echo-harp, when the fond heart
 Asks for its buried joys.—Slow years have sown
 Rank rooted herbage o'er her lowly couch,
 Since she arose to chant that endless song
 Which hath no dissonance.

Another form
 Sat at her feet, whose brow was bright with bloom
 When the cold grave shut o'er it.—It hath left

Its image every where—upon my books,
My bower of musing, and my page of thought,
And the lone altar of the secret soul.
Would that those lips had spoken!—yet I hear
Always their ring-dove murmuring, when I tread
Our wonted shady haunts.

Say, is there aught
Like the tried friendship of the sacred dead?
It cannot hide its face, it changeth not,
Grieves not, suspects not, may not fleet away;
For as a seal upon the melted heart
'Tis set forever.—Sure 'tis weak to mourn
Though thorns are at the bosom, or the blasts
Of this bleak world beat harshly, if there come
Such angel-visitants at even-tide,
Or midnight's holy hush, to cleanse away
The stains which day hath gathered, and with touch
Pure and ethereal to sublimate
The crring spirit.

FUNERAL OF MAZEEN.

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL LINE OF THE MOHEGAN NATION.

'MID the trodden turf is an open grave,
And a funeral train where the wild flowers wave,
For a manly sleeper doth seek his bed
In the narrow house of the sacred dead,
And the soil hath scantily drank of the tear,
For the red-brow'd few are the mourners here.

They have lower'd the prince to his resting spot,
The deep prayer hath swell'd, but they heed it not,
Their abject thoughts 'mid his ashes grope,
And quench'd in their souls is the light of hope;
Know ye their pangs, who turn away
The vassal foot from a monarch's clay?

With the dust of kings in this noteless shade,
The last of a royal line is laid,
In whose stormy veins that current roll'd
Which curb'd the chief and the warrior bold;
Yet pride still burns in their humid clay,
Though the pomp of the sceptre hath pass'd away.

They spake, and the war-dance wheel'd its round,
Or the wretch to the torturing stake was bound;
They lifted their hand, and the eagle fell
From his sunward flight, or his cloud-wrapt cell;
They frown'd, and the tempest of battle arose,
And streams were stain'd with the blood of foes.

Be silent, O Grave! o'er thy hoarded trust,
And smother the voice of the royal dust;
The ancient pomp of their council-fires,
Their simple trust in our pilgrim sires,
The wiles that blasted their withering race,
Hide, hide them deep in thy darkest place.

Till the rending caverns shall yield their dead,
Till the skies as a burning scroll are red,
Till the wondering slave from his chain shall spring,
And to falling mountains the tyrant cling,
Bid all their woes with their relics rest
And bury their wrongs in thy secret breast.

But, when aroused at the trump of doom,
Ye shall start, bold kings, from your lowly tomb,
When some bright-wing'd seraph of mercy shall bend
Your stranger eye on the Sinner's Friend,
Kneel, kneel, at His throne whose blood was spilt,
And plead for your pale-brow'd brother's guilt.

THE MOURNING DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement roll'd, and a slight form,
 Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,
 Reach'd the paternal threshold. Wrathful night
 Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung
 On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.
 She stood and shiver'd, but no mother's hand
 Dry'd those damp tresses, and with warm caress
 Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand
 Was with the cold, dull earth worm.

Gray and sad,

The tottering nurse rose up, and that old man,
 The soldier-servant who had train'd the steeds
 Of her slain brothers for the battle field,
 Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain,
 Where her sick father pined.

Oft had he yearn'd

For her sweet presence, oft in midnight's watch,
 Mus'd of his dear one's smile, till dreams restor'd
 The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip
 Breathing his woes away. While distant far,
 She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
 Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring still,

In the heart's casket, a fond father's smile,
And the pure music of his welcome home,
Rich payment of her labors.

But there came
A summons of surprise, and on the wings
Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late;
The lamp of life still burned, yet 'twas too late.
The mind had pass'd away, and who could call
Its wing from out the sky?

For the embrace
Of strong idolatry, was but the glare
Of a fix'd vacant eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The passive hand was grasp'd and the wide halls
Re-echoed "*father! father!*"

Through the shades
Of that long, silent night, she sleepless bent;
Bathing with tireless hand the unmov'd brow,
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn
Came with its rose tint up, she shrieking clasp'd
Her hands in joy, for its reviving ray
Flush'd that wan brow, as if with one brief trace
Of waken'd intellect. 'Twas seeming all,
And Hope's fond vision faded as the day
Rode on in glory.

Eve, her curtain drew
And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch

Toss'd the sick man. Cold lethargy had steep'd
Its last dead poppy in his heart's red stream,
And agony was stirring Nature up
To struggle with her foe.

“Father in heaven!

Oh give him sleep!” sigh'd an imploring voice,
And then she ran to hush the measur'd tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl
That, clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd
A boding note. But soon, from that lone couch
Thick coming groans announc'd the foe that strikes
But once.

They bore the fainting girl away,
And paler than that ashen corse, her face
Half by a flood of ebon tresses hid
Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder. It was sad
To see a young heart breaking, while the old
Sank down to rest.

There was another change.

The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,
And groups came gathering to the gate where stood
The sable hearse. Friends throng'd with heavy hearts,
And curious villagers, intent to scan
The lordly mansion, and cold worldly men,
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,
Revolving selfish schemes.

But one was there,

To whom all earth could render nothing back,
Like that pale changeless brow. Calmly she stood,

As marble statue. Not one trickling tear,
Or trembling of the eye-lid told she liv'd,
Or tasted sorrow. The old house-dog came,
Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unreprieved.

He for his master mourn'd;
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length through many a fireside hour
Stretch'd at her father's feet? who round his bed
Of sickness watch'd with wishful, wondering eye
Of earnest sympathy? No, round his neck
Her infant arms had clasp'd, and still he rais'd
His noble front beside her, proud to guard
The last, lov'd relie of his master's house.

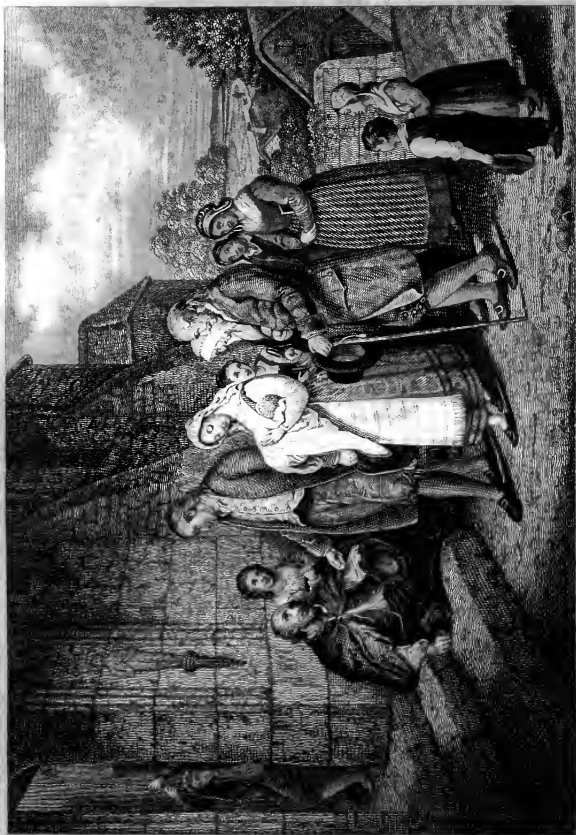
The deadly calmness of that mourner's brow
Was a deep riddle to the lawless thought
Of whispering gossips. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffer'd not the winds of heaven to touch
The tresses of his darling, and who dream'd
In the warm passion of his heart's sole love
She was a mate for angels. Bold they gaz'd
Upon her tearless cheek, and, murmuring, said,
"How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd."

Oh woman, oft misconstrued! the pure pearls
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing and impatient hand
To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,

Though the blanch'd lips breath'd out no boisterous plaint
Of common grief.

Even on to life's decline,
Through all the giddy round of prosperous years,
The birth of new affections, and the joys
That cluster round earth's favorites, there walk'd
Still at her side, the image of her sire,
As in that hour, when his cold, glazing eye
Met hers, and knew her not. When her full cup
Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance
Checking its effervescence, taught her soul
The chasten'd wisdom of attemper'd bliss.





Engraved by Alex. Leitch.

THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAINS

THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAINS

BAPTISM OF THE FIRST BORN.

“COME dearest, come, the Sabbath-bell
Hath almost rung its closing knell;
Give me our babe, and haste away,
With gladness on its christening day.”

Yet still the youthful mother prest
Her first-born darling to her breast,
And, careful o'er the grassy way,
That 'tween the church and cottage lay,
The precious burden chose to take,
Scarce breathing, lest its sleep should break.
—And those were near, who well might say
How late, the gayest of the gay.
Her footstep in the dance was light,
Her eye, in mirthful revels bright,
And she, the fairest of the fair,
Elate with joy, and free from care:
But now, while holier thoughts prevail,
Her chasten'd beauty, lily-pale,
The fervor of the prayer that stole
In new devotion from her soul,
Gave higher charms to brow and cheek,
Such as an angel's love might speak.

Close in her steps, an aged pair,
With furrow'd face, and silver hair,
Press toward the font, intent to see
The honor done to infancy.

Oh, Grandsire! short the season seems,
An April day of showers and beams,
Since she, who totters by thy side,
Blush'd in her loveliness, a bride,
Since here, with hope's bright visions fraught
Thy consecrated babes were brought.
—The rite is o'er, the blessing said,
The first-born finds his cradle-bed;
Young Mother! prompt must be thy part
To stamp instruction on his heart;
For scarce upon our infant eyes
The sprinkled dew of baptism dries,
Ere the thick frost of manhood's care,
And strong Death's icy seal is there.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I SAW a cradle at a cottage door,
 Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
 Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
 Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,
 Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,
 As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
 Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups
 That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
 Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
 Music upon the pebbles, and the winds
 Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
 Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
 Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came

From weary commerce with the heartless world;
 But when I felt upon my withered cheek
 My mother Nature's breath, and heard the tramp
 Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
 Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
 The healthful odor of the flowering trees
 And bright-eyed violets; but, most of all,
 When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,

And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me some bright tints of Heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven.

#20684

ROSE TO THE DEAD.

I PLUCK'D a rose for thee, sweet friend,
Thy ever favorite flower,
A bud I long had nurs'd for thee,
Within my wintry bower;
I group'd it with the fragrant leaves
That on the myrtle grew,
And tied it with a silken string
Of soft cerulean blue.

I brought the rose to thee, sweet friend,
And stood beside the chair,
Where sickness long thy step had chain'd,
But yet thou wert not there;
I turn'd me to thy curtain'd bed,
So fair with snowy lawn,
Methought the unpress'd pillow said
"Not here, but risen and gone."

Thy book of prayer lay open wide,
And 'mid its leaves were seen,
A flower, with petals shrunk and dried,
Lost Summer's wither'd queen.

It was a flower I gave thee, friend,
Thou lov'dst it for my sake;
"See here a fresher one I bring,"
No lip in answer spake.

Then from her sofa's quiet side
I rais'd the covering rare,
"Sleepest thou?" upon her forehead lay
Unstir'd the auburn hair:
But when to leave my cherish'd gift,
Her gentle hand I stole,
That icy touch! its fearful chill,
Congeal'd my inmost soul.

Ah friend, dear friend! and can it be
Thy last sweet word is said?
And all too late my token comes,
To cheer the pulseless dead?
Here, on thy cold unheaving breast,
The promis'd Rose I lay,
The last, poor symbol of a love
That cannot fade away.

But thou, 'mid yon perennial bowers
Where thy glad footsteps roam,
Among the ever-fragrant flowers
That gem the spirit's home,
Rememberest thou the mourning friend,
Who nightly weeps for thee?
And wilt thou pluck a thornless rose,
And keep it safe for me?

BURIAL OF TWO YOUNG SISTERS, THE ONLY CHILDREN OF THEIR PARENTS.

THEY'RE here, in this turf-bed—those tender forms,
So kindly cherish'd, and so fondly loved,
They're here.

Sweet sisters! pleasant in their lives,
And not in death divided. Sure 'tis meet
That blooming ones should linger here and learn
How quick the transit to the silent tomb.
I do remember them, their pleasant brows
So mark'd with pure affections, and the glance
Of their mild eyes, when, in the house of God,
They gathered up the manna, that did fall,
Like dew, around.

The eldest parted first,
And it was touching even to tears, to see
The perfect meekness of that child-like soul,
Turning 'mid sorrow's chastening to its God,
And loosening every link of earthly hope,
To gird an angel's glorious garments on.
The younger lingered yet a little while,
Drooping and beautiful. Strongly the nerve
Of that lone spirit clasped its parent-prop:

Yet still in timid tenderness embraced
The Rock of Ages—while the Saviour's voice
Confirmed its trust: "Suffer the little ones
To come to me."

And then her sister's couch
Undrew its narrow covering—and those forms,
Which side by side, on the same cradle-bed,
So often shared the sleep of infancy,
Were laid on that clay pillow, cheek to cheek
And hand to hand, until that morning break,
Which hath no night.

And ye are left alone,
Who nurtured those fair buds, and often said
Unto each other, in the hour of care,
"These same shall comfort us for all our toil."
Yes, ye are left alone. It is not ours
To heal such wound. Man hath too weak a hand,
All he can give, is tears.

But he who took
Your treasures to his keeping: He hath power
To bear you onward to that better land,
Where none are written childless, and torn hearts
Blend in a full eternity of bliss.

AUTUMN.

HAs it come, the time to fade?
And with a murmur'd sigh,
The Maple, in his scarlet robe,
Was the first to make reply;
And the queenly Dahlias droop'd
Upon their thrones of state,
The frost-king, with his baleful kiss,
Had well forestall'd their fate.

Hydrangia, on her telegraph
A hurried signal trac'd
Of dire and dark conspiracy
That Summer's realm menac'd;
Then quick the proud exotic peers,
In consternation fled,
And refuge in their green-house sought
Before the day of dread.

The vine that o'er my casement climb'd
And cluster'd day by day,
I count its leaflets every morn,
See, how they fade away;

And, as they withering one by one
Forsake their parent tree,
I call each sere and yellow leaf,
A buried friend to me.

Put on thy mourning, said my soul,
And with a tearful eye,
Walk softly 'mid the many graves,
Where thy companions lie.
The violet, like a loving babe,
When vernal suns were new,
That met thee with a soft, blue eye,
And lips all bath'd in dew,

The lily, as a timid bride,
While summer suns were fair,
That put her snowy hand in thine,
To bless thee for thy care,
The trim and proud anemone,
The daisy from the vale,
The purple lilac towering high
To guard his sister pale,

The ripen'd rose, where are they now?
But from the rifled bower
A voice came forth "take heed to note
Thine own receding hour,
And let the strange and silver hair
That o'er thy forehead strays
Be as a monitor, to tell
The autumn of thy days."

THE LAST SUPPER.

A PICTURE BY LEONARDI DA VINCI.

BEHOLD that countenance, where grief and love
Blend with ineffable benignity,
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.

Whose is that eye which seems to read the heart,
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?
Redeemer! is it thine? And is this feast,
Thy last on earth? Why do the chosen few,
Admitted to thy parting banquet, stand
As men transfix'd with horror?

Ah! I hear
The appalling answer, from those lips divine,
"One of you shall betray me."

One of these?
Who by thy hand was nurtured, heard thy prayers,
Received thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the rain of summer? One of these!
Therefore, with deep and deadly paleness droops

The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chilled to the ice of death, at such strange shock
Of unimagined guilt. See, his whole soul
Concentred in his eye, the man who walked
The waves with Jesus, all impetuous prompts
The horror struck inquiry—"Is it I?
Lord! is it I?" while earnest pressing near,
His brother's lip, in ardent echo seems
Doubling the fearful thought. With brow upraised,
Andrew absolves his soul of charge so foul;
And springing eager from the table's foot,
Bartholomew bends forward, full of hope,
That by his ear, the Master's awful words
Had been misconstrued. To the side of Christ,
James, in the warmth of cherished friendship clings,
Yet trembles as the traitor's image steals
Into his throbbing heart; while he, whose hand
In sceptic doubt was soon to probe the wounds
Of him he loved, points upward to invoke
The avenging God. Philip, with startled gaze,
Stands in his crystal singleness of soul,
Attesting innocence—while Matthew's voice,
Repeating fervently the Master's words,
Rouses to agony the listening group,
Who, half incredulous, with terror, seem
To shudder at his accents.

All the twelve

With strong emotion strive, save one false breast

By Mammon seared, which, brooding o'er its gain,
Weighs thirty pieces with the Saviour's blood.
Son of perdition!—dost thou freely breathe
In such pure atmosphere?—And canst thou hide,
'Neath the cold calmness of that settled brow,
The burden of a deed whose very name
Thus strikes thy brethren pale?

But can it be

That the strange power of this soul-harrowing scene
Is the slight pencil's witchery?—I would speak
Of him who pour'd such bold conception forth
O'er the dead canvass. But I dare not muse,
Now of a mortal's praise. Subdued I stand
In thy sole, sorrowing presence, Son of God—
I feel the breathing of those holy men,
From whom thy gospel, as on angel's wing,
Went out through all the earth. I see how deep
Sin in the soul may lurk, and fain would kneel
Low at thy blessed feet, and trembling ask—
“Lord!—is it I?”

For who may tell, what dregs
Do slumber in his breast. Thou, who didst taste
Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
From thine unspotted soul, forsake us not
In our temptations; but so guide our feet,
That our Last Supper in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Tomb of the mighty dead!
 How sacred every tree,
 Waving above thy head,
 Or shedding bloom on thee:
 As long as fair Patomac flows,
 Sparkling 'neath Mount Vernon's sun,
 Rever'd by friends and foes
 Dwell here, in blest repose,
 Washington!

Sons of the pilgrim sires,
 Sons of yon boundless west,
 Ye, whom the tropic fires,
 Or hoarse lakes lull to rest,
 If wandering wide, you e'er forget
 Ties that bind us all in one,
 Here, at your father's feet,
 The brothers' vow repeat,
 While the breeze respondeth sweet,
 Washington!

He, of Helena's rock
 Hath an enduring name,

Echoed in battle shock,
Sculptured with blood and flame:
But, when the mother at her knee
Whispereth to her cradled son
The alphabet of liberty,
Will he not lisp of thee,
Washington?

Should baleful Discord steal
Our patriot strength away,
Or fierce Invasion's zeal
Recal old Bunker's day,
Or mad Disunion smite the tree
Nurs'd so long in Glory's sun,
Mount Vernon's tomb shall be
The watch-word of the free,
Guiding their hearts to thee,
Washington!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED PASTOR.

I do remember him. His saintly voice,
 So duly lifted in the house of God,
 Comes, with the far off wing of infant years,
 Like solemn music. Often have we hush'd
 The shrillest echo of our holiday,
 Turning our mirth to reverence as he pass'd,
 And eager to record one favoring smile,
 Or word paternal.

At the bed of death

I do remember him; when one, who bore
 For me a tender love, did feel that pang
 Which makes the features rigid—and the eye
 Like a fix'd glassy orb. Her head was white
 With many winters—but her furrow'd brow
 To me was beautiful—for she had cheer'd
 My lonely childhood with a changeless stream
 Of pure benevolence. His earnest tone,
 Girding her from the armory of God
 To foil the terrors of that shadowy vale
 Through which she walk'd, doth linger round me still;
 And by that gush of bitter tears, when first
 Grief came into my bosom—by that thrill

Of agony, which from the opened grave
Rose wildly forth—I do remember him,
The comforter and friend.

When Fancy's smile

Gilding youth's scenes, and promising to bring
The curtain'd morrow fairer than to-day,
Did kindle wilder gaiety than fits
Beings so frail—how oft his funeral prayer
Over some shrouded sleeper, made a pause
In folly's song, or warn'd her roving eye
That all man's glory was the flower of grass
Beneath the mower's scythe.

His fourscore years

Sat lightly on him—for his heart was glad,
Even to its latest pulse, with that fond love,
Home nurtur'd and reciprocal, which girds
And garners up, in sorrow and in joy.
—I was not with the weepers—when the hearse
Stood all expectant at his pleasant door,
And other voices from his pulpit said
That he was not:—but yet the requiem sigh
Of that sad organ, in its sable robe,
Made melancholy music in my dreams.
—And so, farewell, thou who didst shed the dew
Baptismal on mine infancy, and lead
To the Redeemer's sacred board, a guest
Timid and unassur'd—yet gathering strength
From the blest promise of Jehovah's aid
Unto the early seeker. When again

My native spot unfolds that pictur'd chart
Unto mine eye, which in my heart I hold,
Rocks, woods and waters exquisitely blent,
Thy cordial welcome I no more shall hear—
Father and guide—nor can I hope to win
Thy glance from glory's mansion while I lay
This wild-flower garland on thine honor'd tomb.

OUR ABORIGINES.

I HEARD the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
“Where is the red-brow’d hunter-race,
Who lov’d our leafy screen?
Who humbled ’mid these dewy glades
The red deer’s antler’d crown,
Or soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down.

Then in the zephyr’s voice replied
Those vales, so meekly blest,
“They rear’d their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roof’d cabins fell,
And where that exil’d people fled,
It is not ours to tell.”

Niagara, of the mountains gray,
Demanded, from his throne,
And old Ontario’s billowy lake
Prolong’d the thunder tone,

"The chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors, where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charg'd
Her many sisters dear,
"Show me once more, those stately forms
Within my mirror clear;"
But they replied, "tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strong keels ride our farthest tide,
But where's their light canoe?"

The farmer drove his plough-share deep
"Whose bones are these?" said he,
"I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea."
But starting sudden to his path
A phantom seem'd to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave
Then rais'd his hand on high,
And with a hollow groan invok'd
The vengeance of the sky.
O'er the broad realm so long his own
Gaz'd with despairing ray,
Then on the mist that slowly curl'd,
Fled mournfully away.

THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

Oh Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that is at ease in his possessions.

ECCLESIASTICUS, iv. 1.

THE rich man moved in pomp. His soul was gorged
With the gross fulness of material things,
So that it spread no pinion forth to seek
A better world than this. There was a change,
And in the sleepless chamber of disease,
Curtained and nursed, and ill-content he lay.
He had a wasted and an eager look,
And on the healer's brow he fixed a glance,
Keen—yet imploring.

What he greatly feared
Had come upon him. So he went his way—
The way of all the earth—and his lands took
Another's name.

Why dost thou come, O Death!
To print the bridal chamber with thy foot,
And leave the ruin of thy ministry,
Where love, and joy, and hope so late had hung
Their diamond cressets?

To the cradle side

Why need'st thou steal, changing to thine own hue
Of ghastly pale, the youthful mother's brow;
And for her nightly watching, leaving nought
In payment, but a piece of marble clay,
And the torn heart-strings in her bleeding breast?
—Come to the aged, he hath sorely trod
Time's rugged road, until his staff is broke,
And his feet palsied, and his friends all gone;
Put thy cold finger on life's last faint spark,
And scarcely gasping he shall follow thee.
—Come to the saint, for he will meekly take
Thy message to his soul, and welcome thee
In Jesus' name, and bless the shadowy gate
Which thou dost open.

Wait awhile, O Death!

For those who love this fleeting world too well;
Wait, till it force their hearts to turn away
From all its empty promises, and loathe
Its deep hypocrisy. Oh! wait for those
Who have not tasted yet of Heaven's high grace,
Nor bring them to their audit, all unclothed
With a Redeemer's righteousness.

THE HOPIA TREE.

PLANTED OVER THE GRAVE OF MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

“Rest! Rest!—the Hopia tree is green,
And proudly waves its leafy screen,
 Thy lowly bed above,
And by thy side, no more to weep,
Thine infant shares the gentle sleep,
 Thy youngest bud of love.

“How oft its feeble wailing cry
Detain’d unseal’d thy watchful eye,
 And pain’d that parting hour
When pallid Death, with stealthy tread,
Descried thee on thy fever-bed,
 And proved his fatal power.

Ah! do I see with faded charm,
Thy head reclining on thine arm,
 *The Teacher** far away?

* “The last day or two of her life, she lay almost motionless, on one side, her head reclining on her arm. Sometimes she said, ‘The teacher is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming. I must die alone.’ ” *Knowles’s Memoir.*

But now, thy mission-labors o'er,
Rest, weary clay, to wake no more,
Till the Great Rising-Day."

Thus spake the traveller, as he staid
His step within that sacred shade,
A man of God was he,
Who his Redeemer's glory sought,
And paused to woo the holy thought
Beneath that Hopia tree.

The Salwen's tide went rushing by,
And Burmah's cloudless moon was high,
With many a solemn star;
And while he mus'd methought there stole
An angel's whisper o'er his soul,
From that pure clime afar,

Where swells no more the heathen sigh,
Nor 'neath the idol's stony eye
Dark sacrifice is done,
And where no more, by prayers and tears,
And toils of agonising years,
The martyr's crown is won.

Then visions of the faith that blest
The dying saint's rejoicing breast,
And set the pagan free,
Came thronging on, serenely bright,
And cheer'd the traveller's heart that night,
Beneath the Hopia tree.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT NEW YORK.

DECEMBER 16th, 1835.

NIGHT, and the fire-bell!

Hark! the mingled clang
Of many a tocsin, while the firm towers shake
Beneath their iron tongue. Devouring flame
Tosses its banner, and thick, volum'd smoke,
Which strove at first the awful work to veil,
Floats to the skies.

How wide the ruin spreads!
Roof after roof is reddening. Yon proud dome,
Whose marble columns seem'd a tower of strength,
Resists the lashing of those furious fires,
As some firm martyr at the stake endures
A longer agony, then plunging sinks,
A blacken'd wreck.

Save, save yon hallow'd spire!
Which long hath held communion with the skies.
But twining like the serpents that destroy'd
Laocoon and his sons, the hissing flames
Gird it in dire embrace. Wild madden'd blasts
Bear with demoniac haste, the winged seeds

Of conflagration. One vast sea of fire
Surges around.

The distant masts turn red,
As if the quiet waters where they slept
Kindled to anger, and became their foe.
Far hills and wood-crowned mountains, wondering catch
Unwonted light. The whole, broad concave glows
Like fiery oven. Hath the monarch Frost
Sent ruffian winds to rouse the central fires?
And at the stormy challenge, bursting forth
From rock-ribb'd prisons, come they ere their time,
To desolate the earth?

Strong engines spend
Their force in vain. To ice the waters turn,
And in yon reeking crucible resolv'd
To their own elements, inspire the flame
As with pure oxygen. Doth Nature turn
In enmity against her son of clay?
Cold binds him, like Prometheus, to the rock,
And fire, the vulture, on his vitals preys.
Yea, even the blessed water seems to turn
A traitor in his need.

The man of wealth
Beholds his millions, melting on the cloud,
Dancing and gibbering with their wings of flame,
To mock his ruin, ere they take their flight.
—There was a marriage, and the fair, young bride
Stood in her white robes, ready for that vow
Which only love can sanctify, and Death

Alone may loose. Amid her glossy hair
There was one simple lily of the vale,
Meet emblem of her innocence and truth.
—The tumult swells. Wild, frantic shouts resound,
Even at the door.

“Proceed, thou holy man,
Heed not a false alarm.”

So spake the youth,
Whose fondest hopes, through many a sleepless night,
Had vision'd forth that hour, while fear and doubt,
The company of love, with their cold breath
Did oft times whisper that it ne'er would come.
—And then the Priest, with solemn voice inquir'd
Who to this man, the blooming maiden gave
In nuptial rite. And when the father rose
To place within another's grasp, the hand
Which ever in its childish pastime lov'd
To hide itself among his clustering locks
Making him glad, methought, to his proud eye
Though her lips trembled like a breeze-swept rose,
His darling ne'er had look'd so beautiful.
Loud was the din without. They heard it not.
Their world was in the heart, and all beside,
But a forgotten echo.

Lo, the tide
Of fire rolls on. Even from the parting lip
The plighted faith is snatch'd. Hoarse through the door
Rush a wild crowd; and scarce the bridegroom's brow
Hath space to kindle with a moment's ire,

Ere the dense smoke pours in, and the fierce flames
Already climbing toward the pillar'd roof
Warn them to 'scape for life!

Oh! who can tell

The unmeasur'd miseries of that fearful night!
—A sick babe lay within its mother's arms.
The half loos'd soul hung quivering on its lips,
Longing for freedom. The small veins stood forth
In purple tenseness round the tiny neck,
And where the temples met the golden hair;
While each fair feature, sharp and rigid grew,
So strong did Nature struggle for her hold
In that frail tenement.

Still hope was there,
Such desperate hope, as roots in deathless love;
Hope that a mother nurtures, though her son
Plunge headlong through the darkest depths of guilt.
—Even so, this lone one trusted that her God
Would not bereave her utterly, and sat
Nursing a fond belief, that sleep's soft balm
Would heal the anguish of her restless child.
She was a widow, and her only wealth
Was garner'd up in that pale piece of clay.
The chamber of her watching, long so dim
With one faint taper's waning ray, grew bright
With the red flashes of approaching flame.
She mark'd it not. For brooding sorrow dwelt
With its drear watch-light in her inmost soul,
And noon and midnight were to her the same.

—Sighs rent the bosom of the failing babe,
And its thin hands, with faint, convulsive clasp
Sought for some prop.

Hark! 'tis the mother's cry,
So shrill, imploring his high help, who met
A sad procession at the gates of Nain,
And from the bier, gave back the quicken'd dead,
A widow's only son. But strangers' feet
Invade her privacy, and hurried tones
Give warning in her ear, "away! away!"
The flames are o'er the threshold. Torpid grief
Still shakes its leaden sceptre o'er her soul,
As in her bosom gathering up her dead,
She passed out homeless, on that bitter night.
—Amid the deafening clangor, hear ye not
A woman's piercing shriek?

Again it wounds
The shuddering ear. She struggles with the bands
That hold her back, determin'd still to plunge
Amid devouring flame. "My child! my child!"
While the wild lustre of her straining eyes,
And gestures pointing to her flame-wrapt home
Reveal the rest. See, see! who dares the wreck?
Who mounts the burning stairs, and gropes his way
'Mid suffocating smoke and falling beams,
And rafters charring where his footsteps tread?
One pause of dread suspense, as if the pulse
Of that vast crowd stood still.

Behold he comes,

And in his arms, the babe! It lives, it moves!
Oh, mother, rouse thee from thy shuddering swoon,
Look up! look up! the stranger sailor hail;
But ere the torrent of her thanks and prayers
And blessings burst upon him, he was gone.
—Yet shall it cheer thee on thy midnight watch,
Lone mariner, 'mid farthest Ocean's foam,
While with pure foreheads, the approving stars
Look down upon thee. And the loving smile
Of that pure rescued innocent, who lay
In its soft cradle, toying with the flame
As with a brother, shall light up thy soul
'Mid all the tempests of thy sea-girt path.
—Deeds, such as these, are not for man's cold praise;
Earth need not spread her vaunting annal forth,
To be their chronicle. The noble heart,
That gave them birth, holds commerce with the skies.

THE DEAD BABE.

I HAD a little tender flower,
I nurs'd it in my summer bower,
 No storm disturb'd the guest;
And even if the pearly dew
Hung heavy on its head, I flew
 To warm it in my breast.

To this fond toil my days were given,
For this, my nightly prayer to heaven
 Its tearful ardor spent;
A nameless pleasure soothed my care,
I lov'd the plant, I saw 'twas fair,
 And knew by God 'twas lent.

Yet while I watch'd its balmy rest,
And warmly clasp'd it to my breast
 With rapture's thrilling tone,
Stern Death, whose form I did not see,
Still nearer sat and watch'd with me,
 And claim'd it for his own.

He bore it to his dreary home,
That narrow house, where all must come;

Its cheek how deadly pale!

On me, its eye imploring roll'd
To save it from a grasp so cold,

Ah! what could that avail?

Yet though he tore it from my arms,
And blanch'd its bloom, and crush'd its charms,

And o'er it heap'd the clods,

And dimm'd the clear eyes' violet ray,

And gave the form to worms a prey,

It was not his, but God's.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

I WAS a pensive pilgrim at the foot
 Of the crown'd Alleghany, when he wrapp'd
 His purple mantle gloriously around,
 And took the homage of the princely hills,
 And ancient forests, as they bow'd them down,
 Each in his order of nobility.

—And then in glorious pomp, the sun retir'd
 Behind that solemn shadow. And his train
 Of crimson, and of azure and of gold
 Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
 And ray on ray, till all the concave caught
 His parting benediction.

But the glow
 Faded to twilight, and dim twilight sank
 In deeper shade, and there that mountain stood
 In awful state, like dread ambassador
 'Tween earth and heaven. Methought it frown'd severe
 Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
 The accusing forehead sternly toward the sky
 To witness 'gainst its sins. And is it meet
 For thee, swell'd out in cloud-capp'd pinnacle,
 To scorn thine own original, the dust

That, feebly eddying on the angry winds,
Doth sweep thy base? Say, is it meet for thee,
Robing thyself in mystery, to impeach
This nether sphere, from whence thy rocky root
Draws depth and nutriment?

But lo! a star,

The first meek herald of advancing night,
Doth peer above thy summit, as some babe
Might gaze with brow of timid innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,
Thine uncondemning glance doth aptly teach
Of that untiring mercy, which vouchsafes
Thee light, and *man* salvation.

Not to mark

And treasure up his follies, or recount
Their secret record in the court of Heaven,
Thou com'st. Methinks, thy tenderness would shroud,
With trembling mantle, his infirmities.

The purest natures are most pitiful.

But they who feel corruption strong within,
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the trace
Of their own image, in another's breast.

—So the wild bull, that in some mirror spies

His own mad visage, furious'y destroys

The frail reflector. But thou, stainless star!

Shalt stand a watchman on Creation's walls,

While race on race, their little round shall mark,

And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all,

Who through this evening scene may wander on,
And from yon mountain's cold magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty, point to all,
The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth,
A silent teacher of its boundless lore.

CONTENTMENT.

THINK'ST thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
 With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thymy bank, or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry,
 Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forc'd to turn
Thro' marble vase, or sculptur'd urn,
 Affords a sweeter draught,
Than that which in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
 And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp, and miser's gold,
 Obtains a richer prize,
Than he, who in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
 Of treasure in the skies?

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER WHILE ABSENT AT SCHOOL.

SWEET Sister! is it so? And shall I see
 Thy face on earth no more? And didst thou breathe
 The last sad pang of agonising life
 Upon a stranger's pillow? No kind hand,
 Of parent or of sister near, to press
 Thy throbbing temples, when the shuddering dew
 Stood thick upon them? And they say my name
 Hung on thy lips 'mid the chill, parting strife.
 Ah!—those were hallowed memories that could stir
 Thy bosom thus in death. The tender song
 Of cradle-nurture—the low, lisping prayer,
 Learned at our mother's knee—the childish sport,
 The gift divided, and the parted cake—
 Our walk to school amid the dewy grass—
 Our sweet flower-gatherings—all those cloudless hours
 Together shared, did wake a love so strong
 That Time must yield it to Eternity
 For its full crown. Would it had been my lot
 But with one weeping prayer to gird thy heart
 For its last conflict. Would that I had seen
 That peaceful smile which Death did leave thy clay

After his conquest o'er it. But the turf
On thy lone grave was trodden, while I deemed
Thee meekly musing o'er the classic page,
Loving and loved, amid the studious band
As erst I left thee.

Sister!—toils and ills .

Henceforth are past—for knowledge without pain,
A free translucent, everlasting tide,
O'erflows thy spirit. Thou no more hast need
Of man's protecting arm, for thou may'st lean
On His unchanging throne who was thy trust,
Even from thine early days.

'Tis well! 'tis well!

Saviour of souls! I thank thee for her bliss.

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

YON pilgrim see, in vestments gray,
 Whose bleeding feet bedew his way,
 O'er arid sands, with want opprest,
 Who, toiling, knows no place of rest:
 Mourn ye, because the long-sought shrine,
 He clasps in ecstasy divine,
 And lays his load of sin and gloom
 Repentant on a Saviour's tomb?
 —Behold yon ship, with wrecking form
 That bows her proud mast to the storm,
 Rude winds and waves with headlong force
 Impel her on her dangerous course;
 The pallid crew their hope resign,
 And powerless view the surging brine:
 Mourn ye, because the tempest dies,
 And in the haven moor'd she lies?
 —Emerging from the field of strife
 Where slaughter'd thousands waste their life,
 Yon warrior see, with gushing veins,
 Who scarce his frantic steed restrains;
 The death-mist swims before his eyes
 As toward the well known spot he flies,

Where every fond affection lies.
Mourn ye, because to home restor'd,
Woman's white arms enwrap her lord,
And tears and smiles with varying grace
Fleet o'er his cherub children's face?
—Yet on his path of toil and woe,
The pilgrim from his shrine must go,
The ship amid the billows strain,
The warrior seek the war again:
But he, whose form to death has bow'd,
Whose spirit cleaves the ethereal cloud,
From him hath change and sorrow fled,
—Why mourn ye, then, the righteous dead?

JOY IN BELIEVING.

"God desireth to have no slaves in his family."—REV. DR. HAWES.

MAN asketh homage. When his foot doth stand
 On earth's high places, he exacteth fear
 From those who serve him. His proud spirit loves
 The quick observance of an abject eye
 And cowering brow. His dignity, he deems,
 Demands such aliment—and he doth show
 Its evanescence, by the food he seeks
 To give it nutriment. Yea, more than this—
 He o'er his brother rules, with scourge and chain,
 Treading out Nature's charities, till life
 To madness tortur'd, or in misery crush'd,
 Goes, an accusing spirit, back to God.
 —But He, the Eternal Ruler, willeth not
 The slavery of the soul. His claim is love,
 A filial spirit, and a song of praise.
 It doth not please him, that his servants wear
 The livery of mourning. Peace is sown
 Along their pilgrim path—and holy hopes
 Like birds of Paradise, do sweetly pour
 Melodious measures—and a glorious faith

Springs up o'er Jordan's wave. Say, is it meet
For those who wear a Saviour's badge, to sigh
In heathen heaviness, when earthly joys
Quench their brief taper! or go shrinking down
As to a dungeon, when the gate of Death
Opes its low valve, to show the shining track
Up to an angel's heritage of bliss?

INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

"In the vicinity of Montrose, Wisconsin Territory, the only daughter of an Indian woman of the Sac tribe, died of lingering consumption, at the age of 18. A few of her own race, and a few of the pale-faces were at the grave, but none wept, save the poor mother."

Herald of the Upper Mississippi.

A voice upon the prairies,
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low;
It is a mother's wailing;
Hath earth another tone
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark'd the storm swell high
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.
Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan,
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept her tears alone.

Long o'er that wasted idol,
 She watch'd, and toil'd, and pray'd,
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
 Some ravage Death had made,
Till the fleshless sinews started,
 And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse, and hollow grew her voice,
 An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
 Of raven eye and tress,
And dovelike were the tones that breath'd
 Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion,
 The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive-cheek
 So richly eloquent.

I said Consumption smote her,
 And the healer's art was vain,
But she was an Indian maiden,
 So none deplor'd her pain;
None, save that widow'd mother,
 Who now by her open tomb,
Is writhing like the smitten wretch
 Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,
 That bed beside the wall,

That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn
That ripeneth on the plain?
Since she for whom the board was spread
Must ne'er return again.

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn
Thy burial rite survey'd;
There's many a king whose funeral
A black-rob'd realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee, forest maiden!
Beneath thy native tree;
The proud may boast their little day
Then sink to dust like thee:
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourn,
As here they mourn for thee.

MISTAKES.

“ Every thing that is high, is not holy; nor every desire pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God.”

THOMAS a KEMP.

MIGHT we but view the shore
Of this dim world, as from heaven's hill it gleams,
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,
And tax the truant joy! How should we see
Amaz'd, our own mistakes:—the lowly tomb
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers
Such as the seraphs bosom bears above,
And the steep cliff where we have madly blown
Ambition's victor-trump, with storm clouds crown'd
To wreck the unwary soul:—wealth's hoarded gold,
Eternal poverty; and the meek prayer
Of him who knew not where to lay his head,
An heritage of glory.

Each desire
Fed to fruition, till the satiate heart
Is gorg'd with richness, sows it not the seeds
Of sickness there?—while he whose only rest
Was on a spear-point, who might ask for bread

Only to find a stone, gain'd he not thus
A mansion in the amaranthine bowers
Of love divine?

Prosperity, alas!

Is often but another name for pride,
And selfishness, which scorns another's woe,
While our keen disappointments are the food
Of that humility which entereth Heaven,
Finding itself at home. The things we mourn,
Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys
Be tremulous as the Mimosa's leaf,
And each affliction with a serious smile
Be welcom'd in at the heart's open door,
As the good patriarch met his muffled guests
And found them angels.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

“ Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.”
2 SAMUEL, XIX. 37.

SON of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honors stay me? —
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die;—
Where my parent's ashes lie,
King of Israel!—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the Prophets and the Law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a God:—
Oh! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise,
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
Jehovah!—Lord of Hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death,
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still the sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace—the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind had laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir,
Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea—it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BRILLIANT and beautiful!—And can it be
That in thy radiant eye there dwells no light—
Upon thy cheek no smile?—I little deemed
At our last parting, when thy cheering voice
Breathed the soul's harmony, what shadowy form
Then rose between us, and with icy dart
Wrote, "Ye shall meet no more." I little deemed
That thy elastic step, Death's darkened vale
Would tread before me.

Friend, I shrink to say

Farewell to thee. In youth's unclouded morn,
We gaze on friendship as a graceful flower,
And win it for our pleasure, or our pride.
But when the stern realities of life
Do clip the wings of fancy, and cold storms
Rack the worn cordage of the heart, it breathes
A healing essence, and a strengthening charm,
Next to the hope of heaven. Such was thy love,
Departed and deplored. Talents were thine,
Lofty and bright, the subtle shaft of wit,
And that keen glance of intellect which reads,
Intuitive, the deep and mazy springs

Of human action. Yet such meek regard
For other's feelings, such a simple grace
And singleness of purpose, such respect
To woman's noiseless duties, sweetly bow'd,
And tempered those high gifts, that every heart,
Which feared their splendor, loved their goodness too.
I see thy home of birth. Its pleasant halls
Put on the garb of mourning. Sad and lone
Are they who nursed thy virtues, and beheld
Their bright expansion through each ripening year.
To them the sacred name of daughter, blent
All images of comforter and friend,
The fire-side charmer, and the nurse of pain,
Eyes to the blind, and, to the weary, wings.
What shall console their sorrow, when young morn
Upriseth in its beauty, but no smile
Of filial love doth mark it?—or when eve
Sinks down in silence, and that tuneful tone,¹
So long the treasure of their listening heart,
Uttereth no music?

Ah!—so frail are we—

So like the brief ephemeron that wheels
Its momentary round, we scarce can weep
Our own bereavements, ere we haste to share
The clay with those we mourn. A narrow point
Divides our grief-sob from our pang of death:
Down to the mouldering multitude we go,
And all our anxious thoughts, our fevered hopes
The sorrowing burdens of our pilgrimage

In deep oblivion rest.

Then let the woes

And joys of earth be to the deathless soul

Like the swept dew-drop from the eagle's wing,

When, waking in his strength, he sunward soars.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR River! not unknown to classic song;—
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green;
Or where, near towering rocks thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide;
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the tossing sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars,
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land;

Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet 'mid the homes they love—
On equal laws their anchored hopes are stayed,
By all interpreted, and all obeyed;
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss—and labour health,
And knowledge power, and meek religion, wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks, the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods, the wintry hearth that feed,
His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons, who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire, that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
An equal burden in the yoke of care,
With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,
Or from the press the golden cheese receives:
Her pastime when the daily task is o'er,
With apron clean, to seek her neighbor's door,
Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow;
Then hale and cheerful to her home repair,
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
Press the full udder for her children's meal,
Rock the tired babe—or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, toward yon dome where village science dwells,
When the church-clock its warning summons swells,
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gaily gather from each rustic door.
The new-weaned child with murmuring tone proceeds,
Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,
Transferred as burdens, that the housewife's care
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.
Light-hearted group!—who carol wild and high,
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
Or by some traveller's wheel aroused from play,
The stiff salute, with deep demureness pay,
Bare the curled brow—or stretch the sunburnt hand,
The home-taught homage of an artless land.
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
The little baskets whence they hope to dine,
And larger books, as if their dexterous art,
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part:—
Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride;
From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
Of prudent counsel, and persuasive tongue;
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves by early labour strong;
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought,
And white-haired sages, sold to studious thought;

Chiefs, whose bold step the field of battle trod,
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, 'mid the graves by time so sacred made,
The poor, lost Indian slumbers in the shade;—
He, whose canoe with arrowy swiftmess clave,
In ancient days yon pure, cerulean wave;
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,
Through darkness followed—and in death embraced,
He sleeps an outlaw, 'mid his forfeit land,
And grasps the arrow in his mouldered hand.

Here, too, our patriot sires with honor rest,
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast;—
Sprang from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry
Of threatened Liberty went thrilling by,
Looked to their God—and reared, in bulwark round,
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrowned,
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield—
Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field:
Lo! here they rest who every danger braved,
Unmarked, untrophied, 'mid the soil they saved.

Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crowned,
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,

The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,
Couched in his hut, or camping on the glade,
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
The boatman's song that charmed his boyish ear;
While the sad mother, 'mid her children's mirth
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,
Or cheats her rustic babes with tender tales
Of thee, blest River! and thy velvet vales;
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,
The village school, and Sabbath's tuneful bell,
And smiles to see the infant soul expand
With proud devotion for that fatherland.

THE BURMANS AND THEIR MISSIONARY.

“Are you Jesus Christ’s man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.”

Letter of Rev. Dr. Judson.

THERE is a cry in Burmah, and a rush
Of thousand footsteps from the distant bound
Of watery Siam, and the rich Cathay.
From the far northern frontier, pilgrims meet
The central dwellers in the forest-shades,
And on they press together. Eager hope
Sits in their eye, and on their lips the warmth
Of strong request. Is it for bread they seek,
Like the dense multitude, which, fainting, hung
Upon the Saviour’s words, till the third day
Closed in, and left them hungcring?

Not for food

Or raiment ask they. Simply girding on
The scanty garment o’er the weary liub,
They pass unmarked, the lofty domes of wealth
Inquiring for a stranger. There he stands;
The mark of foreign climes is on his brow;
He hath no power, no costly gifts to deal
Among the people, and his lore perchance

The earth-bowed worldling with his scales of gold,
Accounteth folly. Yet to him is raised
Each straining eye-ball, "Tell us of the Christ!"
And like the far-off murmur of the sea
Lashed by the tempest, swelled their blended tone,
"Yea. Tell us of the Christ. Give us a scroll
Bearing his name."

And there the teacher stood,
Far from his native land—amid the graves
Of his lost infants, and of her he loved
More than his life.—Yes, there he stood alone,
And with a simple, saint-like eloquence
Spake his Redeemer's word. Forgot were all—
Home, boyhood, christian-fellowship—the tone
Of his sweet babes—his partner's dying strife—
Chains, perils, Burman dungeons, all forgot,
Save the deep danger of the heathen's soul,
And God's salvation. And methought that earth
In all she vaunts of majesty, or tricks
With silk and purple, or the baubled pride
Of throne and sceptre, or the blood-red pomp,
Of the stern hero, had not aught to boast
So truly great, so touching, so sublime,
As that lone Missionary, shaking off
All links and films and trappings of the world,
And in his chastened nakedness of soul
Rising to bear the embassy of Heaven.

RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

BRIGHT Clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral;
Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot
With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest;
Not thus in the day of his pride and wrath
Did ye dare to press on his glorious path,
At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,
And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say he is dead?—You exult in vain,
With your rainbow robe and your swelling train:
He shall rise again with his strong bright ray,
He shall reign in power when you fade away,
When ye darkly cower in your vapory hall,
Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The Soul!—The Soul!—with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire,
It shall spread its wing o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

DEATH AMONG THE TREES.

DEATH walketh in the forest.

The tall pines

Do woo the lightning-flash, and through their veins
The fire-cup, darting, leaves their blackened trunks
A tablet, for ambition's sons to read
Their destiny. The oak that centuries spared,
Grows gray at last, and, like some time-worn man
Stretching out palsied arms, doth feebly cope
With the destroyer, while its gnarled roots
Betray their trust. The towering elm turns pale,
And faintly strews the sere and yellow leaf,
While from its dead arms falls the wedded vine.
The sycamore uplifts a beacon brow,
Denuded of its honors, and the blast,
Swaying the withered willow, rudely asks
For its lost grace, and for its tissued leaf,
With silver lined.

I knew that blight might check
The sapling, ere kind Nature's hand could weave
Its first spring-coronal, and that the worm,
Coiling itself amid our garden plants,
Did make their unborn buds its sepulchre.

And well I know how wild and wrecking winds
Might take the forest-monarchs by the crown,
And lay them with the lowliest vassal-herb;
And that the axe, with its sharp ministry,
Might, in one hour, such revolution work,
As all Earth's boasted power could never hope
To re-instate. And I had seen the flame
Go crackling up, amid yon verdant boughs,
And with a tyrant's insolence dissolve
Their interlacing, till I felt that man,
For sordid gain, would make the forest's pomp
Its heaven-raised arch and living tracery,
One funeral-pyre.

But, yet I did not deem
That pale Disease amid those shades would steal
As to a sickly maiden's cheek, and waste
The power and plentitude of those high ranks,
Which in their peerage and nobility,
Unrivalled and unchronicled, had reigned.

And so I said, if in this world of knells
And open tombs, there lingereth one whose dream
Is of aught permanent below the skies,
Even let him come and muse among the trees,
For they shall be his teachers; they shall bow
To Wisdom's lessons his forgetful ear,
And, by the whisper of their faded leaves,
Softener to his sad heart the thought of death.

SILENT DEVOTION.

"The Lord is in his holy temple;—let all the Earth *keep silence* before him."

THE Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state;
Let those who for his favor seek,
In humble silence wait.

Your sorrows to his eye are known,
Your secret motives clear;
It needeth not the pomp of words,
To pour them on his ear.

Doth Death thy bosom's cell invade?
Yield up thy flower of grass:
Swells the world's wrathful billow high?
Bow down, and let it pass.

Press not thy purpose on thy God,
Urge not thine erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the *deep silence* of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

SABBATH MORNING.

SEE! heaven wakes earth. There is an answering sigh
 From the soft winds, as they unfurl their wings
 Impalpable, and touch the dimpling streams
 Which the lithe willows kiss, and through the groves
 Make whispering melody. Methinks the sea
 Murmureth in tone subdued, and nature smiles
 As if within her raptured breast she caught
 The breath of Deity.

Hail! hallowed Morn,
 That binds a yoke on Vice. Drooping her head,
 She by her quaint hypocrisy doth show
 How beautiful is Virtue. Eve will light
 Her orgies up again—but at this hour
 She trembleth and is still. Humility,
 From the cleft rock where she hath hid, doth mark
 The girded Majesty of God go by,
 And, kneeling, wins a blessing. Grief foregoes
 Her bitterness—and round the tear-wet urn
 Twines sweet and simple flowers. But most, firm faith
 Enjoys this holy season. She doth lift
 Her brow and talk with seraphs, till the soul,

That by the thraldom of the week was bowed,
And crushed, and spent, like the enfranchised slave,
Doth leap to put its glorious garments on.

THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of conveying a young man to burial, in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel, in Norway.

Who's riding o'er the Giel so fast,
 'Mid the crags of Utledale?
He heeds not cold, nor storm, nor blast;
 But his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl from his eye-lash long,
 Stern Winter's hand hath hung;
And his sinewy arm looks bold and strong,
 Though his brow is smooth and young.

O'er his marble forehead, in clusters bright,
 Is wreathed his golden hair;
His robe is of linen, long and white,
 Though a mantle of fur scarce could 'bide the blight
 Of this keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold!
 For the tempest awakes in wrath;
And thy stony eye is fixed and cold
 As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,
Where the foaming waters roar;
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends,
On slippery summits sheen;
But ever and aye his head he bends
At the plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in prayer, to the God who guides
Thy course o'er such pavement frail?
Or nod in thy dream o'er the steep, where glides
The curdling brook, with its slippery tides,
Thou horseman, so young and pale?

Swift, swift o'er the breast of the frozen streams,
Toward Lyster-Church he hies—
Whose holy spire 'mid the glaciers gleams,
Like a star in troubled skies.

Now stay, thou ghostly traveller—stay,
Why haste in such mad career?
Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,
'Twere better to purge it here.

On, on! like the winged blast he wends,
Where moulder the bones of the dead—
Wilt thou stir the sleep of thy buried friends,
With thy courser's tramping tread?

At a yawning pit, whose narrow brink,
 'Mid the swollen snow was grooved,
He paused. The steed from that chasm did shrink
 But the rider sate unmoved.

Then down at once, from his lonely seat,
 They lifted that horseman pale,
And laid him low in the drear retreat
And poured in dirge-like measure sweet,
 The mournful funeral wail.

Bold youth! whose bosom with pride had glowed
 In a life of toil severe—
Didst thou scorn to pass to thy last abode
 In the ease of the slothful bier?

Must thy own good steed, which thy hands had drest,
 In the fulness of boyhood's bliss,
By the load of thy lifeless limbs be preest,
 On a journey so strange as this!

Yet still to the depth of yon rock-barred dell,
 Where no ray from heaven hath glowed,
Where the thundering rush of the Markefoss fell,
The trembling child doth point and tell
 How that fearful horseman rode.

THE LONELY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts, its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond in deep sequestered vale
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs
And varying sounds of village industry
Swelled from its margin, while the busy loom,
Replete with radiant fabrics, told the skill
Of the prompt artisan.

But all around

The solitary dell, where meckly rose
That consecrated church, there was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living. There they lay,
Each in his grassy tenement, the sire
Of many winters, and the noteless babe
Over whose empty cradle, night by night,
Sate the poor mother mourning, in her tears
Forgetting what a little span of time

Did hold her from her darling. And methought,
How sweet it were, so near the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,
And Sabbath after Sabbath gathered strength
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tomb-stone witness to that faith
Which cannot die.

Heaven bless thee, Lonely Church!

And daily may'st thou warn a pilgrim-band,
From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,
And drink the waters of eternal life:
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.





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THE BOY OF ST. BERNARD.

WILD at St. Bernard's wintry gate

The dog was heard to moan,
Why doth he venture forth so late,
Unguided, and alone?

Long on the drearest Alpine height

Inur'd to bold pursuit,
His shaggy coat with frost-work white,
In rush'd the lordly brute.

Close clasping round his neck was seen

A burden strange and fair,
A beauteous child, with pallid mien,
Chill'd by that fearful air.

Again he dares the tempest's wrath,

Again the torches glow
O'er cliff and gulf and icy path,
And trackless waste of snow.

On—on he rushed with eager bound

Regardless of the storm,
Till in a yawning chasm they found
A female's lifeless form.

And lingering o'er her youthful face
Was that expression dear,
With which a mother's fond embrace
Doth dry the infant tear.

Those chisell'd lips, the boy belov'd
Had sooth'd with freezing breath,
And still that curving arm had prov'd
His pillow even in death.

It was a sad and fearful sight
As on, with measur'd tread,
O'er many a steep and slippery height
They bare the beauteous dead.

They plac'd her in a niche of stone
To take her dreamless sleep,
And there her beauty strangely shone
A pearl amid the deep.

Rang'd in that charnel, drear and dim,
Did many a form appear
With stony brow, and shrivel'd limb,
Embalm'd by frost severe.

Strangers were there, from many a clime,
Brac'd up, in firm array,
Bold men, who died before their time,
The Avalanche's prey,

And she, like pale, sepulchral lamp,
Illum'd that spectral gloom,
Unchang'd by vapors dense and damp,
That haunt the mouldering tomb.

But the lone orphan found a home
Beneath St. Bernard's walls,
And wander'd wondering through the dome
And o'er the cloister'd halls.

How bright his boyhood's beauty woke
'Mid that monastic throng,
As rose-bud on some rugged oak
Engrafted strange and strong.

While they, whom no domestic ties
With fonder force compress,
Perceiv'd a new affection rise
To warm the hermit breast.

The grateful boy their care repaid,
Contented with his lot,
Nor was his brave deliverer's aid
In cold neglect forgot.

That noble dog his sports would share,
Observant when he smil'd,
Or rousing with a lion's air
Protect the trusting child,

Who, seated on his brawny back,
Would venture o'er the steep,
With tiny staff to search the track
'Mid snowy ravines deep.

When, from some glacier's gulf profound,
The wreck of life was drawn,
Or broke beneath some icy mound,
The sleep of death forlorn,

Each art to sooth such pangs severe
Those little hands would ply,
And sometimes, as he toil'd, a tear
Stole o'er his lucid eye.

Yet sometimes at the vesper call,
When day's departing beam
Pour'd lingering o'er the statued wall
A rich reflected gleam,

That blue eye glanc'd with such a ray
Of pure, unearthly joy,
That those who mark'd it, fain would say
The angels lov'd the boy.

So, once, when Spring, with aspect meek
Smil'd on dissolving snows,
His mother's paleness blanch'd his cheek,
And to her arms he rose.

WINTER.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, though thou com'st
 With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
 The blushing flowret, the rejoicing stream,
 Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
 Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
 Thy lengthened eve is full of fireside joys,
 And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
 So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
 Earth, robed in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
 And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
 She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
 And from the harvest-shouting.

Man should rest

Thus from his fevered passions, and exhale
 The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
 And drink in holy health. As the toss'd bark
 Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
 To trim its shattered cordage, and restore
 Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
 Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
 Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired
 By the wild wanderings of his summer way,

Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save.

The ruddy boy

Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth, frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs, pure and cold, its twinkling cresset forth,
And throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
Ask of his lessons, while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heayen
To "bless the lad." The timid infant learns
Better to love its sire—and longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken.

Come thou to life's feast

With dove-eyed meekness, and bland charity,
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blasts
The minstrel teacher of thy well-tuned soul,
And when the last drop of its cup is drained—
Arising with a song of praise—go up
To the eternal banquet.

**“THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD
PASSETH AWAY.”**

I CORINTHIANS, VII. 31.

A Rose upon her mossy stem,
 Fair Queen of Flora's gay domain,
 All graceful wore her diadem,
 The brightest 'mid the brilliant train;
 But evening came, with frosty breath,
 And ere the quick return of Day,
 Her beauties, in the blight of death,
 Had pass'd away.

I saw, when morning gemmed the sky,
 A fair young creature gladly rove,
 Her moving lip was melody,
 Her varying smile the charm of love;
 At eve I came—but on her bed
 She drooped, with forehead pale as clay—
 “What dost thou here?”—she faintly said
 “Passing away.”

I looked on manhood's towering form
 Like some tall oak when tempests blow,

That scorns the fury of the storm

And strongly strikes its root below.

Again I looked—with idiot cower

His vacant eye's unmeaning ray,

Told how the mind of godlike power

Passeth away.

BENEVOLENCE.

“ The silver is mine, and the gold is mine—saith the Lord of Hosts.”

HAGGAI, II. 8.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the mine?
 And whose the silver? Are they not the Lord's?
 And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,
 And the broad earth with all her gushing springs,
 Are they not His who made them?

Ye who hold

Slight tenantry therein, and call your lands
 By your own names, and lock your gathered gold
 From him who in his bleeding Saviour's name
 Doth ask a part, whose shall those riches be
 When, like the grass-blade from the autumn-frost,
 You fall away?

Point out to me the forms

That in your treasure-chambers shall enact
 Glad mastership, and revel where you toiled
 Sleepless and stern. Strange faces are they all.
 Oh man! whose wrinkling labor is for heirs
 Thou knowest not who, thou in thy mouldering bed,
 Unkenned, unchronicled of them, shalt sleep;

Nor will they thank thee that thou didst bereave
Thy soul of good for them.

Now, thou mayest give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude. Speck as thou art
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

APPEAL OF THE BLIND.

TO BE SUNG AT AN EXHIBITION OF BLIND BOYS.

YE see the glorious sun,
 The varied landscape light,
 The moon with all her starry train,
 Ilkme the arch of night,
 Bright tree, and bird, and flower
 That deck your joyous way,
 The face of kindred and of friend,
 More fair, more dear than they.

For us there glows no sun,
 No green and flowery lawn;
 Our rayless darkness hath no moon,
 Our midnight knows no dawn;
 The parent's pitying eye,
 To all our sorrows true,
 The brother's brow, the sister's smile,
 Have never met our view.

W e have a lamp within,
 That knowledge fain would light,

And pure Religion's radiance touch
With beams for ever bright;
Say, shall it rise to share
Such radiance full and free?
And will ye keep a Saviour's charge
And cause the blind to see?

NAHANT.

WHEN fervid summer crisps the shrinking nerve,
And every prised rock doth catch the ray
As in a burning glass, 'tis wise to seek
This city of the wave. For here the dews
With which Hygeia feeds the flower of life
Are ever freshening in their secret founts.
Here may'st thou talk with Ocean, and no ear
Of gossip islet on thy words shall feed.
Send thy free thought upon the winged winds,
That sweep the castles of an older world,
And what shall bar it from their ivied heights?
—'Tis well to talk with Ocean. Man may cast
His pearl of language on unstable hearts,
And, thriftless sower! reap the winds again.
But thou, all-conquering element, dost grave
Strong characters upon the eternal rock,
Furrowing the brow that holdeth speech with thee.
Musing beneath yon awful cliffs, the soul,
That brief shell-gatherer on these shores of time,
Feels as a brother to the drop that hangs
One moment trembling on thy crest, and sinks
Into the bosom of the boundless wave.

—And see, outspreading her broad, silver scroll,
Forth comes the moon, that meek ambassador,
Bearing Heaven's message to the mighty surge.
Yet he, who listeneth to its hoarse reply,
Echoing in anger through the channel'd depths,
Will deem its language all too arrogant,
And Earth's best dialect too poor to claim
Benignant notice from the star-pav'd skies,
And man too pitiful, to lift himself
In the frail armor of his moth-crush'd pride,
Amid o'ershadowing Nature's majesty.

THE MOTHER.

It may be Autumn, yea Winter with the woman—but with the mother, as a mother, it is always Spring.

Sermon of the Rev. Thomas Cobbett, at Lynn, 1665.

I SAW an aged woman bow
 To weariness and care,
 Time wrote his sorrows on her brow
 And 'mid her frosted hair.

Hope, from her breast had torn away
 Its rooting, scathed and dry,
 And on the pleasures of the gay
 She turned a joyless eye.

What was it that like sunbeam clear
 O'er her wan features run,
 As pressing towards her deafened ear
 I named her absent son?

What was it? Ask a mother's breast
 Through which a fountain flows
 Perennial, fathomless and blest,
 By winter never froze.

What was it? Ask the King of kings,
Who hath decreed, above,
That change should mark all earthly things
Except a mother's love.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

THERE fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees,
Rest of their coronals, and the crisp vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought the dust,
Mourned the long drought. The miserable herds
Pined on, and perished 'mid the scorching fields;
And near the vanished fountains where they used
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning flocks
Laid their parched mouths and died.

A holy man,
Who saw high visions of unuttered things,
Dwelt, in deep-musing solitude, apart
Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark winged birds,
Intractable and fierce, were strangely moved
To shun the hoarse cries of their callow brood,
And night and morning lay their gathered spoils
Down at his feet. So, of the brook he drank,
Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill
Which, singing, used to glide to Jordan's breast.
Then warned of God, he rose and went his way
Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates
Of Zarephath he marked a lowly cell,
Where a pale, drooping widow, in the depth

Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
Prepared the last scant morsel for her son,
That he might eat and die.

The man of God,
Entering, requested food. Whether that germ
Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it strong
For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,
Sprang up at his appeal—or whether He
Who ruled the ravens, wrought within her heart,
I cannot say; but to the stranger's hand
She gave the bread. Then, round the famished boy
Clasping her widowed arms, she strained him close
To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye
Wondering and wishfully regarded her,
With ill-subdued reproach.

But blessings fell
From the majestic guest, and every morn
The empty store which she had wept at eve,
Mysteriously replenished, woke the joy
That ancient Israel felt, when round their camp
The manna lay like dew. Thus many days
They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy
Looked up with a clear eye, while vigorous health
Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure cheek,
And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs
Come like a garment. The lone widow mused
On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's name
Gave not the praise; but when the silent moon

Moved forth all radiant, on her star-girt throne,
Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and hailed,
In the deep chorus of Zidonian song,
"Astarte, queen of Heaven!"

But then there came

A day of wo. That gentle boy, in whom
His mother lived, for whom alone she deemed
Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke forth,
And on the prophet of the Lord, her lip
Called with indignant frenzy. So he came,
And from her bosom took the breathless clay
And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt
In supplication that the dead might live.
He rose, and looked upon the child. His cheek
Of marble meekly on the pillow lay,
While round his polished forehead, the bright curls
Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept
Beauty and innocence in Death's embrace.
It seemed a mournful thing to waken them.
Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith
Had power o'er nature's elements, to seal
The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
And soon, from death escaping, was to soar
On car of flame up to the throne of God,
Long, long, with laboring breast, and lifted eyes,
Solicited in anguish. On the dead
Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor seemed
To settle on those features, and the hand,
In its immovable coldness, told how firm

Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
The awful seer laid down his humbled lip
Low in the dust, and his whole being seemed
With concentrated agony to pour
Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
Limits to prayer, since it hath entered heaven!
And won a spirit down to its dense robe
Of earth again?

Look! look, upon the boy!
There was a trembling of the parted lip,
A sob—a shiver—from the half-scaled eye
A flash like morning—and the soul came back
To its frail tenement.

The prophet raised
The renovated child, and on that breast
Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
Laid the fair head once more.

If ye would know
Aught of that wildering trance of ecstasy,
Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour,
Believed—and with the kindling glow of faith
Turned from vain idols to the living God.

DIVINE GOODNESS.

"Thy mercies are new every morning and fresh every moment."

DAVID.

OH Thou, who bounteous to their need,
 Dost all earth's thronging pilgrims feed,
 Dost bid for them, in every clime,
 The pregnant harvest know its time,
 The flocks in verdant pastures dwell,
 The corn aspire, the olive swell,
 Fain would we bless that sleepless Eye,
 That doth our hourly wants desery.
 —Thou pour'st us, from the nested grove,
 The minstrel melody of love.
 Thou giv'st us of the fruitage fair
 That summer's ardent suns prepare,
 Of honey from the rock that flows,
 And of the perfume of the rose,
 And of the breeze whose balm repairs
 The sick'ning waste of toil and cares.
 —And though, perchance, the ingrate knee
 Bends not in praise, or prayer to thee,
 Though Sin that stole with traitor-sway
 Even Peter's loyalty away,

May strongly weave its seven-fold snare,
And bring dejection and despair;
Yet not the morn with cheering eye
More duly lights the expecting sky,
Nor surer speeds on pinion light
Each measur'd moment's trackless flight,
Than comes thy mercy's kind embrace
To feeble man's forgetful race.

'T WAS BUT A BABE.

I ASKED them why the verdant turf was riven
 From its young rooting; and with silent lip
 They pointed to a new-made chasm among
 The marble-pillared mansions of the dead.
 Who goeth to his rest in yon damp couch?
 The tearless crowd pass'd on—" 'twas but a babe."
 A babe!—and poise ye, in the rigid scales
 Of calculation, the fond bosom's wealth?
 Rating its priceless idols as ye weigh
 Such merchandise as moth and rust corrupt
 Or the rude robber steals? Ye mete out grief,
 Perchance, when youth, maturity or age,
 Sink in the thronging tomb; but when the breath
 Grows icy on the lip of innocence
 Repress your measured sympathies, and say
 " 'Twas but a babe."

What know ye of her love
 Who patient watcheth, till the stars grow dim,
 Over her drooping infant, with an eye
 Bright as unchanging Hope, if his repose?
 What know ye of her woe who sought no joy
 More exquisite, than on his placid brow

To trace the glow of health, and drink at dawn
The thrilling lustre of his waking smile?
Go, ask that musing father, why yon grave,
So narrow, and so noteless might not close
Without a tear?

And though his lip be mute,
Feeling the poverty of speech to give
Fit answer to thee, still his pallid brow,
And the deep agonising prayer that loads
Midnight's dark wing to Him, the God of strength,
May satisfy thy question.

Ye, who mourn
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That decked the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to His arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope
When a few hasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you?

And when glad Faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangels' praises, with the high response
Of cherubim, and seraphim, oh think—
Think that your babe is there

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed—
Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

“Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles, and thy rebel-towers,
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

“Deignest thou no word to bar thy doom,
Thou with strange madness fired?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?”
Plantagenet inquired.

Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
He blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, my gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died."

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow,
Touched was that bleeding cord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.
Again swept back the tide of years,
Again his first-born moved,
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport
Or youth's untamed career;
With him the merry chase he sought
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode,
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim.
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him—

And faintly through his tears he spake,

“God send his grace to thee,

And for the dear sake of the dead,

Go forth—unscathed and free.”

THE KNELL.

A SILVER sound was on the summer-air,
 And yet it was not music. The sweet birds
 Went warbling wildly forth, from grove and dell,
 Their thrilling harmonies; yet this low tone
 Chimed not with them. But in the secret soul
 There was a deep response, troubling the fount
 Where bitter tears are born. Too well I knew
 The tomb's prelusive melody. I turned,
 And sought the house of mourning.

Ah, pale friend!

Who speak'st not—look'st not—dost not give the hand—
 Hath love so perished in that pulseless breast,
 Once its own throne?

Thou silent, changeless one,

The seal is on thy virtues—now no more
 Like ours to tremble in temptation's hour,
 Perchance to fall. Fear hath no longer power
 To chill thy life-stream, and frail hope doth fold
 Her rainbow wing, and sink to rest with thee.
 How good to be unclothed, and sleep in peace!

Friend!—Friend!—I grieve to lose thee. Thou hast been
 The sharer of my sympathies, the soul

That prompted me to good, the hand that shed
Dew on my drooping virtues. In all scenes
Where we have dwelt together—walking on
In friendship's holy concord, I am now
But a divided being. Who is left
To love, as thou hast loved?

Yet still, to share
A few more welcomes from thy soft blue eye,
A few more pressures of thy snowy hand,
And ruby lip, could I enchain thee here
To all that change and plenitude of ill
Which we inherit? Hence, thou selfish grief!
Thy root is in the earth, and all thy fruits
Bitter and baneful. Holy joy should spring
When pure hearts take their portion.

Go, beloved!

First, for thou wert most worthy.—I will strive,
As best such frail one may, to follow thee.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN morning from the damps of night
Beams o'er the eye with rosy light,
And calls thee forth with smile benign,
Oh think ! whose heart responds to thine,
And, still, with sympathy divine,

Remember me.

When gentle twilight, pure and calm,
Comes leaning on Reflection's arm,
When o'er the throng of cares and woes
Her veil of sober tint she throws
Wooing the spirit to repose—

Remember me.

When the first star, with cresset bright,
Gleams lonely o'er the arch of night,
When through the fleecy clouds that dance
The moon sends forth her timid glance,
Then gazing on that pure expanse,

Remember me.

When mournful sighs the hollow wind
And pensive thoughts enwrap the mind,

If e'er thy heart in sorrow's tone,
To musing melancholy prone
Should sigh because it feels alone,
Remember me.

When stealing to thy secret bower,
Devotion claims her holy hour;
When bowing o'er that sacred page
Whose spirit curbs affliction's rage,
Controls our youth—sustains our age—
Remember me.

Oh ! yet indulge the ardent claim
While Friendship's heart the wish can frame,
For transient is my trembling lay,
And mingling soon with kindred clay,
This silent lip no more shall say
Remember me.

And when in deep oblivion's shade,
This breathless, mouldering form is laid,
If near that bed thy step should rove,
With one short prayer, by feeling wove,
One glance of faith, one tear of love,
Remember me.

THE SEA-BOY.

“Up the main top-mast—ho!”

The storm was loud,
And the deep midnight muffled up her head,
Leaving no ray. By the red binnacle
I saw the sea-boy. His young cheek was pale,
And his lip trembled. But he dared not hear
That hoarse command repeated. So he sprang
With slender foot, amid the slippery shrouds.

He, oft, by moonlight-watch, had lured my ear
With everlasting stories of his home
And of his mother. His fair brow told tales
Of household kisses, and of gentle hands
That bound it when it ached, and laid it down
On the soft pillow, with a curtaining care.
And he had sometimes spoken of the cheer
That waited him, when wearied from his school,
At winter's eve he came. Then he would pause,
For his high-beating bosom threw a chain
O'er his proud lip, or else it would have sighed
A deep remorse for leaving such a home.
And he would haste away, and pace the deck
More rapidly, as if to hide from me

The gushing tear. I marked the inward strife
Unquestioning, save by a silent prayer,
That the tear wrung so bitterly, might work
The sea-boy's good and wash away all trace
Of disobedience. Now, the same big tear
Hung like a pearl upon him, as he climbed
And grappled to the mast. I watched his toil,
With strange foreboding, till he seemed a speck
Upon the ebon bosom of the cloud.
And I remembered that he once had said,
"*I fear I shall not see my home again.*"
And sad the memory of those mournful words
Dwelt with me, as he passed above my sight
Into thick darkness.

The wild blast swept on,
The strong ship tossed.

Shuddering, I heard a plunge
A heavy plunge—a gurgling 'mid the wave.
I shouted to the crew. *In vain! In vain!*
The ship held on her way. And never more
Shall that poor delicate sea-boy raise his head
To do the bidding of those roughened men,
Whose home is on the sea. And never more
May his fond mother strain him to her breast,
Weeping that hardship thus should bronze the brow
To her so beautiful—nor the kind sire
Make glad, by his forgiveness, the rash youth
Who wandered from his home, to throw the wealth
Of his warm feelings on the faithless sea.

MEETING OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH WITH THE LACKAWANNA.

RUSH on glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride;
She doth haste from the realm of the darken'd mine,
To mingle her murmur'd vows with thine;
Ye have met—ye have met, and the shores prolong
The liquid tone of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son,
And the child of the Indian king have done;
I saw thy bride, as she strove in vain,
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude, in a mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell;
The path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest, she hid from thee;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon* died;
No red man's blood with its guilty stain,
Hath cried unto God from that broad domain—
With the seeds of peace they have sown the soil,
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep;
I have stood on the mountain and roam'd through the glen
To the beautiful homes of the western men;
Yet nought in that realm of enchantment could see,
So fair, as the vale of Wyoming to me.

* A name given by the Aborigines to their friend William Penn.

NAPOLEON'S EPITAPH.

“The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face
Napoleon's sepulchre, *characterless, uninscribed.*”

And who shall write thine epitaph? thou man
Of mystery and might.

Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly 'mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop
Doth wear the sentenc'd brain?

Shall countless ghosts
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame
With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,
And with but that brief space for shrift of prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth?

Thou, who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquered tribes,
As chirp the weak-voic'd nations of the grass,
Why art thou sepulchred in yon far Isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner

Descries 'mid ocean's foam? Thou who didst hew
 A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
 Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
 Of the thron'd Alps—why dost thou sleep unmark'd,
 Even by such slight memento as the hind
 Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone?

Bid the throng

Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
 And breath'd thy thunders on the battle field,
 Return, and rear thy monument. Those forms
 O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter spread,
 From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
 Heed not thy clarion call. But should they rise,
 As in the vision that the prophet saw,
 And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,
 Piling their pillar'd dust, as erst they gave
 Their souls for thee, the wondering stars might deem
 A second time the puny pride of man
 Did creep by stealth upon its Babel stairs,
 To dwell with them. But here unwept thou art,
 Like a dead lion in his thicket-lair,
 With neither living man, nor spirit condemn'd,
 To write thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes,

Who serv'd as playthings in thy desperate game
 Of mad ambition, or their treasurss strew'd
 Till meagre famine on their vitals prey'd,
 To pay thy reckoning.

France! who gave so free

Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
Thou too, whose pride did deck dead Cæsar's tomb,
And chant high requiem o'er the tyrant band
Who had their birth with thee, lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence
To grace his obsequies, at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath Agag's table, *add the name of Rome.*
—Turn Austria! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,
And on his monument, to whom thou gav'st
In anger, battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave *Austerlitz*, and fiercely turn away.
—As the rein'd war-horse snuffs the trumpet-blast,
Rouse Prussia from her trace with Jena's name,
And bid her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades
Of letter'd ease, Oh Germany! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imagin'd in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl-leaves.
—Hail, lotus crown'd! in thy green childhood fed,
By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh, and the shepherd kings,

Hast thou no tale of him who drench'd thy sands
 At Jaffa and Aboukir! when the flight
 Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
 To the accusing Spirit?

Glorious Isle!

Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean like,
 Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
 Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
 —Ho! fur-clad Russia! with thy spear of frost,
 Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
 Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
 And give the last line of our epitaph.
 —But there was silence; for no sceptred hand
 Receiv'd the challenge.

From the misty deep
 Rise, Island-spirits! like those sisters three,
 Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life,
 Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
 That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
 Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms,
 And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
 And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb,
 Come, twine some trait of household tenderness
 Some tender leaflet, nurs'd with Nature's tears
 Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
 His cradle, at Ajacio, turn'd away,
 And tiny Elba, in the Tuscan wave
 Threw her slight annal with the haste of fear,
 And rude Helena sick at heart, and gray

'Neath the Pacific's smiting, bade the moon
With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze
To an unhonored tomb.

Then Earth arose,
That blind, old Empress, on her crumbling throne,
And to the echoed question "*who shall write
Napoleon's Epitaph?*" as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd, "*none.*"

THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL OF
THE AMERICAN ASYLUM AT HART-
FORD, CONNECTICUT.

Ah! deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,
Or in her bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

No! still with unambitious mind
The needle's patient task to ply,
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye,

With Order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where autumn's bounty flows,

With touch so exquisitely true
That vision stands astonish'd by,
To recognise with ardor due
Some friend or benefactor nigh,

Her hand 'mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living gems she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery,

As if at length, relenting skies,
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
May tread that undiscover'd maze,
Where Nature in her curtain'd shrine
The strange and new-born thought surveys?

Where quick perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal,
And wild ideas throug the mind,
That palsied speech must ne'er reveal;

Where Instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
And leaping o'er her barrier cold,
Proclaims the proud precaution vain.

Say, who shall with magician's wand
That elemental mass compose,
Where young affections slumber fond
Like germs unwak'd 'mid wintry snows?

Who, in that undecipher'd scroll,
The mystic characters may see,
Save He who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home,
Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes,—uninterpreted and drear,
Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,
And grope for truth thou may'st not find.

No scroll of friendship, or of love,
Must breathe soft language o'er thy heart,
Nor that blest Book which guides above,
Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou, who didst on Calvary die,
Flows not thy mercy wide and free?
Thou who didst rend of *Death* the tie,
Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee?

And Thou, Oh Spirit pure! whose rest
Is with the lowly contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
And cleanse of latent ill the stain,

That she, whose pilgrimage below
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell?
When from the ear its seal shall part,
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
And holy transport thrills the heart;

When the chain'd tongue, forbid to pour
The broken melodies of time,
Shall to the highest numbers soar
Of everlasting praise sublime:

When those veiled orbs, which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan, of Deity, the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

THE TOMB.

"So parted they; the angel up to Heaven,
And Adam to his bower."

MILTON.

THIS is the parting place; this narrow house,
With its turf roof and marble door, where none
Have entered and returned. If earth's poor gold
E'er clave unto thee, here unlade thyself;
For thou didst bring none with thee to this world,
Nor may'st thou bear it hence. Honors hast thou,
Ambition's shadowy gatherings? Shred them loose
To the four winds, their natural element.
Yea, more, thou must unclasp the living ties
Of strong affection. Hast thou nurtured babes?
And was each wailing from their feeble lip
A thorn to pierce thee? every infant smile,
And budding hope, a spring of ecstasy?
Turn, turn away, for thou henceforth to them
A parent art no more? Wert thou a wife?
And was the arm on which thy spirit leaned
Faithful in all thy need? Yet must thou leave
This fond protection, and pursue alone
Thy shuddering pathway down the vale of death.

Friendship's free intercourse—the promised joys
Of soul-implanted, soul-confiding love,
The cherished sympathies which every year
Struck some new root within thy yielding breast,
Stand loose from all, thou lonely voyager
Unto the land of spirits.

Yea, even more!

Lay down thy body! Hast thou worshipped it
With vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste
Of precious time? Did beauty bring it gifts,
The lily brow, the full resplendent eye,
The tress, the bloom, the grace, whose magic power
Woke man's idolatry? Oh lay it down,
Earth's reptile banqueters have need of it.

Still may'st thou bear, o'er Jordan's stormy wave,
One blessed trophy; if thy life hath striven
By penitence and faith such boon to gain,
The victor palm of Christ's atoning love:
And this shall win thee entrance when thou stand'st
A pilgrim at Heaven's gate.

POETRY.

MORN on her rosy couch awoke,
 Enchantment led the hour,
And mirth and music drank the dews
 That freshen Beauty's flower;
Then from her bower of deep delight,
 I heard a young girl sing,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

The Sun in noon-day heat rose high,
 And on with heaving breast,
I saw a weary pilgrim toil,
 Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
 Forth from a broken string,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas night, and Death the curtains drew,
 'Mid agony severe,
While there a willing spirit went
 Home to a glorious sphere;

Yet still it sigh'd, even when was spread

The waiting Angel's wing,

"Oh, speak no ill of poetry,

For 'tis a holy thing."

BAPTISM OF AN INFANT AT ITS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

WHENCE is that trembling of a father's hand,
 Who to the man of God doth bring his babe,
 Asking the seal of Christ?—Why doth the voice
 That uttereth o'er its brow the Triune Name
 Falter with sympathy?—And most of all,
 Why is yon coffin-lid a pedestal
 For the baptismal font?

Again I asked.

But all the answer was those gushing tears
 Which stricken hearts do weep.

For there she lay,

The fair, young mother in that coffin-bed,
 Mourned by the funeral train. The heart that beat
 With trembling tenderness, at every touch
 Of love or pity, flushed the cheek no more.

——Tears were thy baptism, thou unconscious one,
 And Sorrow took thee at the gate of life,
 Into her cradle. Thou may'st never know
 The welcome of a nursing mother's kiss,
 When in her wondering ecstasy, she marks
 A thrilling growth of new affections spread

Fresh greenness o'er the soul.

Thou may'st not share

Her hallowed teaching, nor suffuse her eye
With joy, as the first germs of infant thought
Unfold, in lisping sound.

Yet may'st thou walk

Even as she walked, breathing on all around
The warmth of high affections purified,
And sublimated, by that Spirit's power
Which makes the soul fit temple for its God.

———So shalt thou, in a brighter world, behold
That countenance which the cold grave did veil
Thus early from thy sight, and the first tone
That bears a mother's greeting to thine ear
Be wafted from the minstrelsy of Heaven.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

THE young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near with a seraph smile
To kiss the lips that had breath'd no guile

Nor spoke the words of sorrow;
Its little sister brought a flower,
And hope still lingering nigh
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
Whispered of one in a brighter bower
It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,

And mused by the parlor-fire,
But ere the evening lamps did glow,
A stranger came, and, bending low,

Kiss'd his fair and ruddy brow;
"What is that in your hand?" she said;
"My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red."

"Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,

The magic spell of Memory,
That page hath gold, and a way I'll find
To lock it safe in your docile mind;

For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the taste when the hair is gray."

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But, ere he closed his eyes,
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise,
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain'd the flying summer hour,
And charm'd the listener's thought;
For still would its tender cadence be
"Follow me! Follow me!
And every morn a smile shall bring,
As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

She ceas'd, and with a serious air
The other made reply,
"Shall he not also be my care?
May not I his pleasure share?
Sister! sister! tell me why?
Need Memory e'er with Hope contend?
Doth not the virtuous soul, still find in both a friend?"

The youth beheld the strife,
And eagerly replied,
"Come, both, and be my guide,
And gild the path of life;"

So he gave to each a trusting kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light
Rous'd him from the trance of night,
When singing from her nest,
The lark went up with dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace;
And as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.

And when the star of eve, from weary care,
Bade him to his home repair,
And by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober memory spread her board
With knowledge richly stor'd,
And supp'd with him, and like a guardian bless'd
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and gray,
Memory, that faithful friend was there,
And he in querulous tone did say,
"Hast thou not lost with careless key,
Something that I have entrusted to thee?"

Her pausing answer was sad and low,
"It may be so! It may be so!"

The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And Time, with a plunderer's eye doth seek;
Something I miss, but I cannot say
What it is, he hath stolen away,
For only tinsel and trifles spread
Over the alter'd path we tread;
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
Here they are, all told and true,
Diamonds and rubics of changeless hue."

But while in grave debate,
Mournful, and ill at ease, they sate,
Finding treasures disarrang'd,
Blaming the fickle world, though they themselves were chang'd,
Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,
Which folded underneath her robe she wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And jeopardd its strength in a bold, heavenward flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel-train,
Yet when Heaven's gate, its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky:

But at that threshold high
Hope faltered with a drooping eye,

And as the expiring Rose,
Doth in its last adieu its sweetest breath disclose,
Lay down to die.

As a spent harp its symphony doth roll,
Faintly her parting sigh
Breathed to the glorious form that stood serenely by
“Earth’s pilgrim I resign,
I cheer’d him to his grave, I lov’d him, he was mine,
Christ hath redeem’d his soul,
Immortal joy! ’tis thine.”

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word! no sound! But yet a solemn rite
 Proceedeth through the festive lighted hall.
 Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take
 That oath, which, unabsolved, must stand till death,
 With icy seal, doth stamp the scroll of life.
 No word! no sound! But still yon holy man
 With strong and graceful gesture doth impose
 The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
 Present it to be registered in Heaven.

Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
 Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crown'd bride,
 What means the sigh which from that ruby lip
 Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
 Which angels breathe?

Mute! mute! 'tis passing strange!

Like necromancy all. And yet, 'tis well;
 For the deep trust, with which a maiden casts
 Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,
 Into a mortal's hand, the confidence
 With which she turns in every thought to him,
 Her more than brother, and her next to God,
 Hath never yet been shadowed out in word,

Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,

Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm

Your silent altar in each other's hearts,

And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time

As cheerily, as though the pomp of speech

Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell

Where flower fades not, and death no treasured link

Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn

The ear sequestrate, and the tuneless tongue,

For there the eternal dialect of love

Is the free breath of every happy soul.

TO A DYING INFANT.

Go to thy rest, my child!

Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn

In waywardness to stray,
Before thy foot could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin might wound the breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair

Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,

Shall Love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No! Angel, seek thy place
Amid yon cherub-train.

THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

I HAVE crept forth to die among the trees.
 They have sweet voices that I love to hear,
 Sweet, lute-like voices. They have been as friends
 In my adversity—when sick and faint
 I stretched me in their shadow all day long,
 They were not weary of me. They sent down
 Soft summer breezes, fraught with pitying sighs,
 To fan my blanching cheek. Their lofty boughs
 Pointed with thousand fingers to the sky,
 And round their trunks the wild vine fondly clung,
 Nursing her clusters; and they did not check
 Her clasping tendrils, nor deceive her trust,
 Nor blight her blossoms, and go towering up
 In their cold stateliness, while on the earth
 She sank to die.

But thou, rejoicing bird,

Why pourest thou such a rich and mellow lay
 On my dull ear? Poor bird!—I gave thee crumbs,
 And fed thy nested little ones; so thou
 (Unlike to man!) thou dost remember it.
 O mine own race!—how often have ye sate
 Gathered around my table, shared my cup,

And worn my raiment—yea, far more than this,
Been sheltered in my bosom, but to turn
And lift the heel against me, and cast out
My bleeding heart in morsels to the world,
Like catering cannibals.

Take me not back
To those imprisoning curtains, broidered thick
With pains, beneath whose sleepless canopy
I've pined away so long. The purchased care,
The practised sympathy, the fawning tone
Of him who on my vesture casteth lots,
The weariness, the secret measuring
How long I have to live, the guise of grief
So coarsely worn—I would not longer brook
Such torturing ministry. Let me die here—
'Tis but a little while. Let me die here.
Have patience, Nature, with thy feeble son,
So soon to be forgot, and from thine arms,
Thou gentle mother, from thy true embrace,
Let my freed spirit pass.

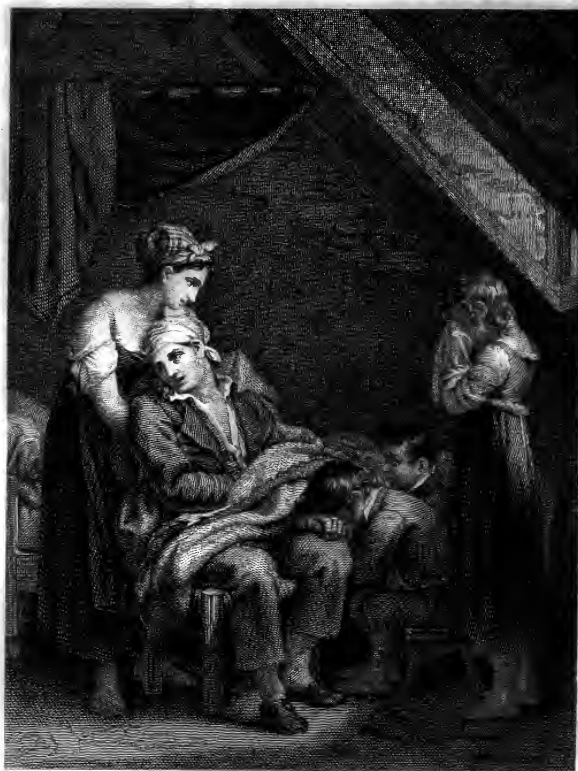
Alas! how vain

The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb—
The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy,
While from its home of bliss the disrobed soul
Looks not upon its greenness, nor deplores
Its withering loss. Ye who have toiled to earn
The fickle praise of far posterity,
Come, weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,
If ye can weigh a dream.

Hail, holy stars!

Heaven's stainless watchers o'er a world of woe,
Look down once more upon me. When again,
In solemn night's dark regency, ye ope
Your searching eyes, me shall ye not behold
Among the living. Let me join the song
With which ye sweep along your glorious way;
Teach me your hymn of praise. What have I said?
I will not learn of you, for ye shall fall.
Lo! with swift wing I mount above your spheres,
To see the Invisible, to know the Unknown,
To love the Uncreated! Earth, farewell!





Engraved by Oscar A. Lawton.

THE IMMIGRANT.

DEATH OF THE EMIGRANT.

"The way is long," the father said,
While through the western wild he sped,
 With eager, searching eye;
"Cheer ye, my babes," the mother cried,
And drew them closer to her side,
 As frown'd the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,
A log-rear'd cabin's roof they view'd,
 And its low shelter blest,
On the rough floor, their simple bed,
In weariness and haste they spread,
 And laid them down to rest.

On leathern hinge, the doors were hung,
Undeck'd with glass the casement swung,
 The smoke-wreath stain'd the wall;
And here they found their only home,
Who once had rul'd the spacious dome,
 And pac'd the pictur'd hall.

But hearts with pure affections warm,
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,
 Did in that cell abide,
And there the wife her husband cheer'd,
And there her little ones she rear'd,
 And there in hope she died.

Still the lone man his toil pursued,
While 'neath his roof so low and rude,
 A gentle daughter rose,
As peering through some rifted rock,
Or blooming on a broken stock,
 The blushing sweet briar grows.

With tireless hand, the board she spread,
The Holy Book at evening read,
 And when, with serious air,
He saw her bend so sweetly mild
And lull to sleep the moaning child,
 He bless'd her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footsteps staid,
And down the woodman's axe he laid,
 The fever-flame was high;
No more the forest fear'd his stroke,
He fell, as falls the rugged oak,
 Beneath the whirlwind's eye.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,
His baby, when the mother died,
 How desolate she stands!

While gazing on his death struck eye
His kneeling sons with anguish cry,
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold?
Who bows to chafe his temples cold
In beauty's opening prime?
That blessed daughter meek of heart,
Who for his sake a matron's part
Had borne before her time.

That gasp, that groan, 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er,
The manly breast must heave no more,
The heart no longer pine:
Oh, thou who feed'st the raven's nest,
Confirm once more thy promise blest,
"The fatherless are mine."

FILIAL CLAIMS.

WHO bendeth with meek eye, and bloodless cheek
 Thus o'er the new-born babe? content to take,
 As payment for all agony and pain,
 Its first soft kiss, its first breath on her brow,
 The first faint pressure of its tiny hand?
 It is not needful that I speak the name
 Of that *one being on this earth*, whose love
 Doth never falter.

Answer me, young man,

Thou, who through chance and change of time hast trod
 Thus far, when some with vengeful wrath have mark'd
 Thy waywardness, or in thy time of woe
 Deserted thee, or with a rainbow smile
 Lur'd and forsook, or on thine errors scowl'd
 With unforgiving memory—*did she?*
Thy Mother?

Child! in whose rejoicing heart
 The cradle-scene is fresh, the lulling hymn
 Still clearly echoed, when the blight of age
 Withereth that bosom where thine head doth lay,
 When pain shall paralyse the arm that clasps
 Thy form so tenderly, *wilt thou forget?*

Wilt thou be weary, though long years should ask
The patient offices of love to gird
A broken mind?

Turn back the book of life
To its first page. What deep trace meets thee there?
Lines from a Mother's pencil. When her scroll
Of life is finish'd, when the hand of Death
Stamps that strong seal, which none but God can break,
What should its *last trace be?*

Thy bending form
In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,
Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,
Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to Heaven,
The chasten'd rendering of thy filial trust,
Back to the white-wing'd angel ministry.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

"They heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither."

YE have a land of mist and shade,
Where spectres roam at will,
Dense clouds your mountain cliffs pervade,
And damps your valleys chill;
But ne'er has midnight's wing of woe
Eclipsed our changeless ray;
"Come hither," if ye seek to know
The bliss of perfect day.

Doubt, like the bohan-upas, spreads
A blight where'er ye tread,
And hope, a wailing mourner, sheds
The tear o'er harvests dead;
With us, no traitorous foe assails
When love her home would make;
In Heaven, the welcome never fails,
"Come," and that warmth partake.

Time revels 'mid your boasted joys,
Death dims your brightest rose,

And sin your bower of peace destroys—
Where will ye find repose?
Ye're wearied in your pilgrim-race,
Sharp thorns your path infest,
"Come hither,"—rise to our embrace,
And Christ shall give you rest.

'Twas thus, methought, at twilight hour,
The angel's lay came down;
Like dews upon the drooping flower,
When drougts of summer frown;
How richly o'er the ambient air
Swelled out that music free!
Oh!—when the pangs of death I bear,
Sing ye that song to me.

THE CONSUMPTIVE GIRL.

FROM A PICTURE.

THOU may'st not raise her from that couch, kind nurse,
To bind those clustering tresses, or to press
The accustomed cordial. Thou no more shalt feel
Her slight arms twining faintly round thy neck
To prop her weakness. That low whispered tone
No more can thank thee, but the earnest eye
Speaks, with its tender glance, of all thy care
By night and day. Henceforth thy mournful task
Is brief: to wipe the cold and starting dew
From that pure brow, to touch the parching lip
With the cool water-drop—and guide the breeze
That, fragrant, through her flowers, comes travelling on
Freshly to lift the poor heart's broken valve,
Which gasping waits its doom.

Mother! thy lot

Hath been a holy one; upon thy breast
To cherish that fair bud, to share its bloom,
Refresh its languor with the rain of Heaven,
And give it back to God. The hour is come;
Thy sleepless night-watch o'er her infancy

Bore its own payment. Thou hast never known
For her, thy child, burden, or toil, or pang,
But what the full fount of maternal love
Did wash away, leaving those diamond sands
Which memory from her precious casket strews.
Behold, her darkening eye doth search for thee!
So the bowed violet through some chilling screen
Turns toward the sun that cheered it. Well thine heart
Hath read its language from her cradle-hour,
What saith it to thee?

“Blessed one, farewell!

I go to Jesus. Early didst thou teach
My soul the way, from yonder Book of Heaven.
Come soon to me, sweet guide.”

Ah, gather up

The glimmering radiance of that parting smile—
Prolong the final kiss—hang fondly o’er
The quivering pressure of that marble hand,
Those last, deep tokens of a daughter’s love.
Weep, but not murmur. She no more shall pine
Before thine eyes in smothered agony,
And waste away, and wear the hectic flush
That cheats so long, to wake a keener pain.
Beside thy hearth she is a guest no more;
But in heaven’s beauty shalt thou visit her,
In Heaven’s high health.

Call her no longer thine.

Thou could’st not keep Consumption’s moth away
From her frail web of life. Thou could’st not guard

Thy darling from the lion. All thy love,
In the best armor of its sleepless might,
The spoiler trampled as a reed. Give thanks
That she is safe with Him who hath the power
O'er pain, and sin, and death. Mourner, give thanks.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the Red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

YE say, they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

YE say, their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,

Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

DREAMS.

"Knowest thou what thou art, in the hour of sleep? Who is the illuminator of the soul? Who hath seen, who knoweth him?"

Taliessin.

REVERE thyself! for thou art wonderful,
 Even in thy passiveness. Hail, heir of Heaven!
 Immortal mind! that when the body sleeps
 Doth roam with unseal'd eye, on tireless wing,
 Where Memory hath no chart, and Reason finds
 No pole-star for her compass. Guest divine!
 Our earthly nature bows itself to thee,
 Putting its ear of clay unto the sigh
 Of thy disturbed visions, if perchance
 It win some whisper of thy glorious birth,
 And deathless heritage.

Oh, dreams are dear

To those whom waking life hath surfeited
 With dull monotony. 'Tis sweet when Day
 Hath been a weariness, and Evening's hand,
 Like some lean miser, greedily doth clutch
 The flowers that Morning brought us, to lie down,
 And breathe a fragrance that they never knew,
 Pressing our fingers to the thornless rose,

That springs where'er we tread.

'Tis very sweet

To 'scape from stern Reality, who sits
Like some starch beldame, all precise and old,
And sheer intolerant, and, on the wing
Of radiant Fancy, soar uncharm'd and wild,
And limitless. When niggard Fortune makes
Our pillow stony, like the patriarch's bed
Who slept at Bethel, gentle dreams do plant
An airy ladder for the angels' feet,
Changing our hard couch for the gate of Heaven.
They feed us on ambrosia, till we loath
Our household bread.

To traverse all untir'd
Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby,
To hear unearthly music, to plunge deep
In seas of bliss, to make the tyrant-grave
Unlock its treasure-valve, and yield the forms
Whose loss we wept, back to our glad embrace,
To wear the tomb's white drapery, yet to live,
And hold unshrinking pastime with the dead,
To catch clear glimpses of fair streets of gold,
And harpers harping on the eternal hills,
These are the gifts of dreams, and we would speak
Most reverently of their high ministry.
—See, life is but a dream. Awake! Awake!
Break off the trance of vanity, and look
With keen, undazzled eye, above the cloud
That canopies man's hopes. Yea! hear the voice

Of Deity that 'mid his hour of sleep,
In the still baptism of his dewy dreams,
Doth bear such witness of the undying soul
As breath'd o'er Jordan's wave, "*Behold my Son!*"

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;
The turf looks green where the breaker's rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;

There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee:
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

THE LOST DARLING.

SHE was my idol. Night and day, to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-bud, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps follow me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conned o'er the alphabet—but most of all,
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck

What God had made so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words
“Hush! Hush thee, dearest.” Then I bend and weep—
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!

Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of Heaven?

“ONLY THIS ONCE.”

EXODUS X. 17.

“ONLY this once.”—the wine-cup glowed
All sparkling with its ruby ray,
The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
And Folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned,
His promise of repentance scorned,
And, coward-like, to vice returned.

“Only this once.”—The tale is told—
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide;
With more than Esau’s madness, sold
The birth-right of his soul—and died.

I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead,
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

Again his eyes the landscape viewed,
His limbs again their burden bore,
And years their wonted course renewed,
But hope and peace returned no more.

Then angel eyes with pity wept
When he whom virtue fain would save,
His sacred vow so falsely kept,
And strangely sought a drunkard's grave.

"Only this once."—Beware—Beware!—
Gaze not upon the blushing wine,
Repel temptation's siren snare,
And prayerful, seek for strength divine.

POMPEII.

ON READING THE "TOUR IN ITALY AND SWITZERLAND" OF THE
LATE REV. E. D. GRIFFIN.

It was the evening of the day of God,
And silence reigned around. The waning lamp
Gleamed heavily, and gathering o'er my heart
There seemed a musing sadness.

Then thou cam'st,
Ethereal spirit! on thy classic wing,
Bidding me follow thee.

And so I sought
The ruined cities of Italia's plain,
And with thee o'er Pompeii's ashes trod,
Courting the friendship of a buried world.

'Tis fearful to behold the tide of life
In all the tossings of its fervid strength
Thus petrified, and every painted bark,
That spread its gay sail o'er the rippling surge
Sealed to its depths.

Thou haggard skeleton,
Clutching with bony hand thy hoarded gold.
What boots it thus those massy keys to guard

When life's frail key turns in its ward no more?
Say! hadst thou nought amidst yon wreck, more dear
Than that encumbering dross? no priceless wealth
Of sweet affinity, no tender claim,
No eager turning of fond eyes to thine,
In that last hour of dread extremity?

Lo! yon grim soldier, faithful at his post,
Bold and unblenching, though a sea of fire
Closed o'er him with its suffocating wave.
The reeking air grew hot, the blackened heavens
Shrank like a shriveled scroll, and mother earth,
Forgetful of her love, a traitress turned.
Yet still *he* fled not; though each element
Swerved from the eternal law, he firmly stood,
A Roman Sentinel.

Thus may we stand
In duty's armor, at our hour of doom,
Though on the climax of our joy, stern Death
Should steal unlooked for, as the lightning flash
Rending the summer-cloud.

But now, adieu,
My sainted guide. The midnight hour doth warn
Me from thy cherished pages, though methinks
The beauty of thy presence, and thy voice,
Whose tones melodious, charmed a listening throng,
Still linger near. It is not meet for us
To call thee brother, we who dwell in clay,
And find the impress of the earth so strong
Upon our purest gold.

Spirit of bliss!

Twining thyself around the living heart
By holiest memories, my prayer this night
Shall be a hymn of gratitude for thee.

BIRTH DAY OF THE FIRST-BORN.

THY first-born's birth-day, Mother!
That well-remember'd time
Returneth, when thy heart's deep joy
Swell'd to its highest prime.

Thou hast another treasure,
There in the cradle-shrine,
And she who near its pillow plays
With cheek so fair, is thine.

But still, thy brow is shaded,
The fresh tear trickleth free,
Where is that first-born darling?
Young Mother, where is she?

And if she be in heaven,
She, who with goodness fraught,
So early on her Father-God
Repos'd her trusting thought,

And if she be in heaven,
The honor how divine,
To yield an angel to His arms
Who gave a babe to thine.

THE BRIDE.

I CAME, but she was gone.

In her fair home,
There lay her lute, just as she touch'd it last,
At summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Fill'd with pure fragrance. On her favorite seat
Lay the still-open work-box, and that book
Which last she read, its pencil'd margin mark'd
By an ill-quoted passage—trac'd, perchance
With hand unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect, which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the cherish'd home,
Where from her childhood, she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came—and she was gone.

Yet I had seen her from the altar led,
With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,
The fresh, young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence mid the gather'd throng.
The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath suppress'd, to see the mother's lip

Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smother'd sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime.

Haply his thought

Travers'd the grass-grown prairies, and the shore
Of the cold lakes; or those o'erhanging cliffs,
And pathless mountain tops, that rose to bar
Her log-rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea! and its own life also—lays them all,
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth,

A scene, like this, ye laughter-loving ones;
The licens'd jester's lip, the dancer's heel—
What do they here?

Joy, serious and sublime,

Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Fill'd with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on
That harness, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

THE MOHEGAN CHURCH.

A remnant of the once-powerful tribe of Mohegan Indians have their residence in the vicinity of the city of Norwich, Conn., and on the ruins of an ancient fort in their territory, a small church has been erected—principally through the influence of the benevolence of females.

AMID those hills, with verdure spread,
The red-browed hunter's arrow sped,
And on those waters, sheen and blue,
He freely launch'd his light canoe,
While through the forests glanced like light
The flying wild-deer's antler bright.
—Ask ye for hamlet's peopled bound,
With cone-roofed cabins circled round?
For chieftain grave—for warrior proud,
In nature's majesty unbowed?
You've seen the fleeting shadow fly,
The foam upon the billows die,
The floating vapor leave no trace—
Such was their path—that fated race.

Say ye that kings, with lofty port,
Here held their stern and simple court?

That here, with gestures rudely bold,
Stern orators the throng controlled?
—Methinks, even now, on tempest wings,
The thunder of their war-shout rings,
Methinks springs up with dazzling spire,
The redness of their council fire.

No!—no!—in darkness rest the throng,
Despair hath checked the tide of song,
Dust dimmed their glory's ray.
But can these staunch their bleeding wrong?
Or quell remembrance, fierce and strong?

Recording angel—say!
I marked where once a fortress frowned,
High o'er the blood-cemented ground,
And many a deed that savage tower
Might tell to chill the midnight hour.
But now, its ruins strangely bear
Fruits that the gentlest hand might share;
For there a hallowed dome imparts
The lore of heaven to list'ning hearts;
And forms like those which lingering staid,
Latest 'neath Calvary's awful shade,
And earliest pierced the gathered gloom
To watch a Saviour's lowly tomb,
Such forms have soothed the Indian's ire,
And bade for him that dome aspire.

Now where tradition, ghostly pale,
With ancient horrors loads the vale,
And, shuddering, weaves in crimson loom,
Ambush, and snare and torture-doom,
There shall the peaceful prayer arise,
And tuneful hymns invoke the skies.
—Crush'd race!—so long condemned to moan,
Scorn'd—rifled—spiritless—and lone,
From pagan rites, from sorrow's maze,
Turn to these temple-gates with praise;
Yes turn and bless the usurping band
That rent away your fathers' land;
Forgive the wrong—suppress the blame,
And view with Faith's fraternal claim,
Your God—your hope—your heaven the same.

METHUSELAH.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years—and *he died*."

GENESIS.

AND was this all? He died! He who did wait
 The slow unfolding of centurial years,
 And shake that burden from his heart, which turns
 Our temples white, and in his freshness stand
 Till cedars mouldered and firm rocks grew gray—
 Left he no trace upon the page inspired,
 Save this one line—*He died*?

Perchance he stood

Till all who in his early shadow rose
 Faded away, and he was left alone,
 A sad, long-living, weary-hearted man,
 To fear that Death, remembering all beside,
 Had sure forgotten him.

Perchance he roved

Exulting o'er the ever-verdant vales,
 While Asia's sun burned fervid on his brow;
 Or 'neath some waving palm-tree sate him down,
 And in his mantling bosom nursed the pride
 That mocks the pale destroyer, and doth think

To live for ever.

What majestic plans,
What mighty Babels, what sublime resolves,
Might in that time-defying bosom spring,
Mature, and ripen, and cast off their fruits
For younger generations of bold thought
To wear their harvest diadem, while we,
In the poor hour-glass of our seventy years,
Scarce see the buds of some few plants of hopes,
Ere we are laid beside them, dust to dust.

Yet whatsoe'er his lot, in that dim age
Of mystery, when the unwrinkled world had drank
No deluge-cup of bitterness, whate'er
Were earth's illusions to his dazzled eye,
Death found him out at last, and coldly wrote,
With icy pen on life's protracted scroll,
Naught but this brief unflattering line—*He died.*

Ye gay flower-gatherers on time's crumbling brink,
This shall be said of you, howe'er ye vaunt
Your long to-morrows in an endless line—
Howe'er amid the gardens of your joy
Ye hide yourselves, and bid the pale King pass,
This shall be said of you at last—*He died;*
Oh, add one sentence more—*He lived to God.*

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

COME, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock—
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide—
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thought to guide?
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove,
Come press your velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;

My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng,
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear;
Good-night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife;
But who, upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock, good night!

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF HER MONUMENT AT FREDERICKS-
BURG, VIRGINIA.

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews.

She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee—as in olden time—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth—to sport awhile

Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not—Heaven can tell.

Rise, sculptured pile!
And show a race unborn who rest below,
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn—and sow
Good seed before the world hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief—
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington; or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears

Of deathless gratitude—yet may you raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings, and your prayers to God.

CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENTS IN AFRICA.

WINDS! what have ye gather'd from Afric's strand,
As ye swept the breadth of that fragrant land?
The breath of the spice-bud, the rich perfume
Of balm and of gum and of flowret's bloom?
"We have gather'd nought, save a pagan prayer,
And the stifling sigh of the heart's despair."

Waves! what have ye heard on that ancient coast
Where Egypt the might of her fame did boast,
Where the statue of Memnon saluted the morn,
And the pyramids tower in their giant scorn?
"We have heard the curse of the slave-ship's crew,
And the shriek of the chain'd as the shores withdrew."

Stars! what have ye seen with the glancing eye
From your burning thrones in the sapphire-sky?
"We have mark'd young hope as it brightly glow'd,
On Afric's breast whence the blood-drop flow'd,
And we chanted the hymn which we sang at first,
When the sun from the midnight of Chaos burst."

DEATH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

I THOUGHT that death was terrible. I've seen
His ministry in the distorted brow,
The glazing eye, the struggle and the groan,
With which the heart-strings break. Yet here was one
Whose summoned breath went forth as peacefully
As folds the spent rose when the day is done.
Still life to her was dear; for, with strong root,
That charity whose fruit is happiness
Did grow and blossom in her; and the light
Of her own cheerful spirit flowing out,
Tinged earth's brief rain-drops with the bow of Heaven.
Time had respected her, had spared her brow
Its beauty, and her heart the unchilled warmth
Of those affections, gentle and sublime
Which make the fire-side holy. Hand in hand
With those her care had nurtured, and who joyed
To pay their debt of gratitude, she past,
Benign and graceful, down the vale of age,
Wrapped up in tender love. Without a sigh,
A change of feature, or a shaded smile,
She gave her hand to the stern messenger,
And, as a glad child seeks its Father's house,

Went home. She in her Saviour's ranks had done
A veteran's service, and with Polycarp,
Might say to Death, "For more than fourscore years
He was my Lord—shall I deny him now?"
No! No! Thou couldst not turn away from him
Who was thy hope from youth, and on whose arm
Thy feebleness of hoary hairs was staid.
Before his Father and the Angel host
He will adjudge thee faithful. So, farewell,
Blessed, and full of days. No more thy prayer
Up through the solitude of night shall rise
To bless thy children's children—nor thy soul
Yearn for re-union with those kindred ones
Who went to rest before thee. 'Twas not meet
That thou shouldst longer tarry from that bliss
Which God reserveth for the pure in heart.

FAREWELL TO AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

FAREWELL, thou consecrated dome,
 Whence prayer and chant and anthem rose,
 Whose walls have given meek hope a home,
 And tearful penitence, repose.

Here gathered round their shepherd-guide,
 A flock, to the Redeemer dear,
 While praise in full, responsive tide,
 Soared heavenward, to its native sphere.

Here at this altar's hallowed side,
 Oft was the bond of deathless love
 Sealed by the kneeling, trembling bride—
 Where is that bride? Perchance above.

The mother here her infant drew,
 Unscathed by sin or sorrow's rod,
 To win the pure, baptismal dew—
 Where is that mother? Ask of God.

And duly here has childhood's train
 Bowed to Instruction's mildest sway:

But were those ceaseless lessons vain?

The page of doom alone can say.

Here many a brow in beauty's prime

Hath faded, like the rose-tinged cloud,

And many a head grown white with time,

That towered in manhood's glory proud.

Oh! if from yon celestial place,

Bright bands regard a world like this,

Here many a sainted soul may trace

The birth-place of its endless bliss.

With tenderest recollections fraught,

How do these parting moments swell!

Thou ancient nurse of holy thought,

Dear, venerated dome, farewell?

THE MOURNING LOVER.

THERE was a noble form, which oft I marked
 As the full blossom of bright boyhood's charms
 Ripened to manly beauty. Nature made
 His eloquent lip and fervid eye to win
 Fair woman's trusting heart.

Yet not content,
 Because ambition's fever wrought within,
 He went to battle, and the crimson sod
 Told where his life-blood gushed.

The maid who kept
 In her young heart the secret of his love,
 With all its hoarded store of sympathies
 And images of hope, think ye she gave,
 When a few years their fleeting course had run,
 Her heart again to man?

No! no! She twined
 Its riven tendrils round a surer prop,
 And reared its blighted blossoms toward that sky
 Which hath no cloud. She sought devotion's balm,
 And, with a gentle sadness, turned her soul
 From gaiety and song. Pleasure, for her,
 Had lost its essence, and the viol's voice

Gave but a sorrowing sound. Even her loved plants
Breathed too distinctly of the form that bent
With hers to watch their budding. 'Mid their flowers,
And through the twining of their pensile stems,
The semblance of a cold, dead hand would rise,
Until she bade them droop and pass away
With him she mourned.

And so, with widowed heart,
She parted out her pittance to the poor,
Sat by the bed of sickness, dried the tear
Of the forgotten weeper, and enrob'd
Herself in mercy, like the Bride of Heaven.
Years pass'd away, and still she seemed unchanged.
The principle of beauty hath no age;
It looketh forth, even though the eye be dim,
The forehead frost-crowned, yea, it looketh forth,
Wherever there doth dwell a tender soul,
That in its chastened cheerfulness would shed
Sweet charity, on all whom God hath made.

Years pass'd away, and 'mid her holy toils
The hermit-heart found rest. Each night it seemed,
When to her lonely, prayerful couch she came,
As if an angel folded his pure wing
Around her breast, inspiring it to hold
A saint's endurance.

Of her spirit's grief
She never spake. But as the flush of health
Receded from her cheek, her patient eye
Gathered new lustre, and the mighty wing

Of that supporting angel seemed to gird
Closer her languid bosom: while in dreams
A tuneful tone, like his who slumbered deep
Amid his country's dead, told her of climes
Where vows are never sundered.

One mild eve,
When on the foreheads of the sleeping flowers
The loving spring-dews hung their diamond wreaths,
She from her casket drew a raven curl,
Which once had clustered round her lost one's brow,
And press'd it to her lips, and laid it down
Upon her Bible, while she knelt to pour
The nightly incense of a stricken heart
At her Redeemer's feet. Gray morning came,
And still her white cheek on that holy page
Did calmly rest. Hers was that quiet sleep
Which hath no wakening here. Fled from her brow
Was every trace of pain, and in its stead
Methought the angel, who so long had been
Her comforter, had left a farewell-gift—
That smile which in the Court of Heaven doth beam.

ALICE.

A very interesting daughter of the late Dr. Cogswell, who was deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, cherished so ardent an affection for her father, that, after his death, she said, in her strong language of gesture, that "her heart had so grown to his, it could not be separated." By the Providence of the Almighty, she was called in a few days to follow him; and from the abodes of bliss, where we trust she has obtained a mansion, may we not imagine her as thus addressing the objects of her fondest earthly affections?

SISTERS!—there's music here;

From countless harps it flows,

Throughout this bright celestial sphere

Nor pause nor discord knows.

The seal is melted from my ear

By love divine,

And what through life I pined to hear,

Is mine! Is mine!

The warbling of an ever-tuneful choir,

And the full, deep response of David's sacred lyre.

Did kind earth hide from me

Her broken harmony,

That thus the melodies of Heaven might roll,

And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering
soul?

Joy!—I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness are o'er,
Sweet sisters! dry your tears:
Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—
List at the hour of prayer—can ye not hear my lay?
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from chaos beamed,
Praising his everlasting name,
Whose blood from Calvary streamed—
And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the redeemed.

Brother!—my only one!
Beloved from childhood's hours,
With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
I wandered when our task was done
And gathered early flowers;
I cannot come to thee,
Though 'twas so sweet to rest
Upon thy gently-guiding arm—thy sympathising breast:
'Tis better here to be.
No disappointments shroud
The angel-bowers of joy,
Our knowledge hath no cloud,
Our pleasures no alloy.
The fearful word—*to part*,
Is never breathed above,
Heaven hath no broken heart—
Call me not hence, my love.

Oh, mother!—He is here
To whom my soul so grew,
That when Death's fatal spear
Stretched him upon his bier,

I fain must follow too;
His smile my infant griefs restrained—
His image in my childish dream
And o'er my young affections reigned,
With gratitude unuttered and supreme.

But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant glow
I know not half the unmeasured debt, a daughter's heart doth
owe.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?

Ask ye, if filial love
Unbodied spirits prove?

'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to soothe thy woes,
How near—thou canst not see—
I watch thy lone repose,
Alice doth comfort thee;

To welcome thee I wait—blest mother! come to me.

DREAM OF THE DEAD.

SLEEP brought the dead to me. Their brows were kind,
 And their tones tender, and, as erst, they blent
 Their sympathies with each familiar scene.
 It was my earthliness, that robed them still
 In their material vestments; for they seemed
 Not yet to have put their glorious garments on.
 Methought, 'twere better thus to dwell with them,
 Than with the living.

'Twas a chosen friend,

Beloved in school-day's happiness, who came,
 And put her arm through mine, and meekly walked,
 As she was wont, where'er I willed to lead,
 To shady grove or river's sounding shore,
 Or dizzy cliff, to gaze enthralled, below
 On wide-spread landscape and diminished throng.

One, too, was there, o'er whose departing steps
 Night's cloud hung heavy ere she found the tomb;
 One, to whose ear no infant lip, save mine,
 E'er breathed the name of mother.

In her hour

Of conflict with the spoiler, that fond word
 Fell with my tears upon her brow in vain—

She heard not, heeded not. But now she flew,
Upon the wing of dreams, to my embrace,
Full of fresh life, and in that beauty clad
Which charmed my earliest love. Speak, silent shade!
Speak to thy child! But with capricious haste
Sleep turned the tablet, and another came,
A stranger-matron, sicklied o'er and pale,
And mournful for my vanished guide I sought.

Then, many a group in earnest converse flocked,
Upon whose lips I knew the burial-clay
Lay thick; for I had heard its hollow sound,
In hoarse reverberation, "dust to dust!"

They put a fair, young infant in my arms,
And that was of the dead. Yet still it seemed
Like other infants. First with fear it shrank,
And then in changeful gladness smiled, and spread
Its little hands in sportive laughter forth.
So I awoke, and then those gentle forms
Of faithful friendship and maternal love
Did flit away, and life, with all its cares,
Stood forth in strong reality.

Sweet dream,
And solemn! let me bear thee in my soul
Throughout the live-long day, to subjugate
My earth-born hope. I bow me at your names,
Sinless, and passionless, and pallid train!
The seal of truth is on your breasts, ye dead!
Ye may not swerve, nor from your vows recede,
Nor of your faith make shipwreck. Scarce a point

Divides you from us, though we fondly look
Through a long vista of imagined years,
And, in the dimness of far distance, seek
To hide that tomb, whose crumbling verge we tread.

THE NEW-ZEALAND MISSIONARY.

"We cannot let him go. He says he is going to return to England—the ship is here to take him away. But no—we will keep him and make him our slave; not our slave to fetch wood and draw water but our *talking-slave*. Yes—he shall be our slave, to talk to and to teach us. Keep him we will."—*Speech of Rev. Mr. Yeates, at the Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, London, May, 1835.*

'Twas night, and in his tent he lay,
 Upon a heathen shore,
 While wildly on his wakeful ear
 The ocean's billows roar;
 'Twas midnight and the war-club rang
 Upon his threshold stone,
 And heavy feet of savage men
 Came fiercely tramping on.

Loud were their tones in fierce debate,
 "The chieftain and his clan,
 He shall not go—he shall not go,
 That missionary man;
 For him the swelling sail doth spread,
 The tall ship ride the wave,
 But we will chain him to our coast,
 Yes, he shall be our slave:

Not from the groves our wood to bear,
Nor water from the vale,
Nor in the battle-front to stand,
Where proudest foe-men quail,
Nor the great war-canoe to guide,
Where crystal streams turn red:
But he shall be our slave to break
The soul its living bread."

Then slowly peer'd the rising moon,
Above the forest-height,
And bathed each cocoa's leafy crown
In tides of living light:
To every cabin's grassy thatch
A gift of beauty gave,
And with a crest of silver cheer'd
Pacific's sullen wave.

But o'er that gentle scene a shout
In sudden clangor came,
"Come forth, come forth, thou man of God,
And answer to our claim:"
So down to those dark island-men,
He bow'd him as he spake,
"Behold, your servant will I be
For Christ, my master's sake."

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Know ye a prince hath fallen? They who sit
 On gilded throne, with rubied diadem,
 Caparisoned and guarded round, till death
 Doth stretch them 'neath some gorgeous canopy,
 Yet leave no foot-prints in the realm of mind—
 Call them not kings—they are but crowned men.
 Know ye a prince hath fallen?

Nature gave

The signet of her royalty, and years
 Of mighty labor won that sceptred power
 Of knowledge, which from unborn ages claims
 Homage and empire, such as time's keen tooth
 May never waste. Yea—and the grace of God
 So witnessed with his spirit, so impelled
 To deeds of Christian love, that there is reared
 A monument for him, which hath no dread
 Of that fierce flame which wrecks the solid earth.

I see him 'mid the Shetlands, spreading forth
 The riches of the Gospel—kneeling down
 To light its lamp in every darkened hut:—
 Not in the armor of proud learning braced,
 But with a towel girded—as to wash

The feet of those whom earthly princes scorn.

I see him lead the rugged islander

Even as a brother, to the Lamb of God,

Counting his untaught soul more precious far

Than all the lore of all the lettered world.

I hear his eloquence—but deeper still,

And far more eloquent, there comes a dirge

O'er the hoarse wave. “All that we boast of man,

Is as the flower of grass.”

Farewell—Farewell!

Pass on with Wesley, and with all the great

And good of every nation. Yea!—pass on

Where the cold name of sect, which sometimes throws

Unholy shadow o'er the heaven-warmed breast,

Doth melt to nothingness—and every surge

Of warring doctrine, in whose eddying depths,

Earth's charity was drowned, is sweetly lost

In the broad ocean of eternal love.

THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

THOU dost not dream, my little one,
How great the change must be,
These two years, since the morning sun
First shed his beams on thee;
Thy little hands did helpless fall,
As with a stranger's fear,
And a faint wailing cry was all
That met thy mother's ear.

But now the dictates of thy will
Thine active feet obey,
And, pleased, thy busy fingers still
Among thy playthings stray;
And thy full eyes delighted rove
The pictured page along,
And, lisping to the heart of love,
Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy! the wanderings of thy way,
It is not mine to trace:
Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
Or manhood's bolder race:

What discipline thy heart may need,
What clouds may veil thy sun,
The Eye of God alone can read—
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love
Thy destiny control,
Those boasted gifts that often prove
The ruin of the soul,
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,
For thee it would not crave,
But tearful urge a fervent claim
To joys beyond the grave.

Oh! be thy wealth an upright heart,
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,
Thine early choice, that better part
Which cannot fade away;
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,
Thy friends the men of peace,
Thy heritage an angel's lyre,
When earthly changes cease.

PARTING OF THE MISSIONARY'S BRIDE.

THE time had come. The stern clock struck the hour,
 Each long-lov'd haunt had drank her mute farewell.
 The vine-wrapp'd walk, the hillock's tufted crown,
 The nurtur'd plants, that in the casement smil'd,
 Had taken a blessing from her loving eye
 For the last time. But now the climax came.
 —And so she rose, and with a fond embrace
 Folded her gentle sister, who had been
 A second self, up from the cradle dream,
 And hung upon her brother's neck as one
 Who 'neath the weight of love's remembrances
 Doth look on language, as a powerless thing.
 —Methought she linger'd, long, as if to gain
 Respite from some more dreaded pang, that frown'd
 Appalling, though unfelt. For, near her side,
 With eye close following where her darling mov'd,
 Her widow'd mother stood. And so she laid
 Her head on that dear breast, where every pain
 Of infancy was sooth'd. And there arose
 A wild, deep sob of weeping—such as breaks
 Upon the ear of death, when he doth rend
 The nerve, fast rooted in the fount of life.

—'Tis o'er. That bitterness is past. Young bride,
No keener dreg shall quiver on thy lip,
Till the last ice-cup cometh.

Then she turn'd

To him who was to be sole shelterer now,
And plac'd her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upward, whence her strength did come,
And with a steadfast step passed forth to take
Her life-long portion in a heathen clime.

—Oh Love and Faith ! twin-sentinels, who guard,
One this drear earth, and one the gate of Heaven,
How glorious are ye, when in woman's heart,
Ye make that trembling hold invincible !
Ye both were there—and so she went her way
A tearful victor.

Yet to me it seem'd

Thus, in the flush of youth and health, to taste
Death's parting, was a strange, unnatural thing;
And that the lofty martyr, who doth yield
His body to the fire's fierce alchymy
But one brief hour, hath lighter claim on Heaven
For high endurance, than the tender bride
Who from her mother's bosom lifts her head
To bide the buffet of a pagan clime;
And nurse her frail babes 'neath the bamboo thatch,
Bearing the sorrow of her woman's lot
Perchance for many years.

Thus must it seem

To the trim worldling, in the broad green way

Loitering, and reckless where that way may lead.
Heart, is it thus with thee?

Go, pour thyself

In penitence to Him, who heeded not
The cross on Calvary, so the lost might live:
Look to thine own slack service, meted out
And fashion'd to thine ease, and let the zeal
That nerv'd the parting of that pale young bride
Be as a probe, to search thy cold content.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Not for the summer-hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And like the transient flower of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die;

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take:
Grant us, oh God ! one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake.

DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE.

WHY is the green earth broken? Yon tall grass,
Which in its ripeness woo'd the mower's hand,
And the wild rose, whose young buds faintly bloom'd,
Why are their roots upturn? Why swells a mound
Of new-made turf among them?

Ask of him

Who in his lonely chamber weeps so long
At morning's dawn, and evening's pensive hour,
Whose bosom's planted hopes might scarcely boast
More firmness, than yon riven flower of grass.
Yet hath not Memory stores whereon to feed,
When Joy's young harvest fails? as clings the bee
To the sweet calyx of some smitten flower?
—Still is remembrance—grief. The tender smile
Of young, confiding Love, its winning tones,
Its self-devotion, its delight to seek
Another's good, its ministry to soothe
The hour of pain, come o'er the hermit heart
To claim its bitterest tear.

But that meek Faith,

Which all distrustful of its holiest deeds
So strongly clasp'd a Saviour's feet, when Death

Rang the crush'd heart-strings like a broken harp,
That Hope which shed its seraph-benison
On all who wept around, that smile which left
Heaven's stainless semblance on the breathless clay,
These are the tokens to the soul bereav'd,
To gird itself invincibly, and seek
A deathless union with the parted bride.

THE LITTLE HAND.

THOU wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth with azure tinge.

With what a smile of gladness, meek,
Thy radiant brow is drest,
While fondly to a mother's cheek
Thy lip and hand are prest.

That little hand ! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
When time its tiny bones hath knit
With manhood's sinews stern?

The artist's pencil shall it guide?
Or spread the adventurous sail?
Or guide the plough with rustic pride,
And ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthine maze,
With dexterous ardor rove,

And weave those tender, tuneful lays
That beauty wins from love?

Old Coke's or Blackstone's mighty tome,
With patient toil turn o'er?
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch be o'er?

Well skilled, the pulse of sickness press?
Or such high honor gain
As, o'er the pulpit, raised, to bless
A pious listening train?

Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervor cold?
Or, shuddering, feel the envenomed clasp
Of treachery's serpent-fold?

Yet, oh! may that Almighty Friend,
From whom existence came,
That dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame.

Grant it to dry the tear of woe,
Bold folly's course restrain,
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain—

Write wisdom on the wing of time,
Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And with benevolence sublime,
Dispense the light of truth—

Discharge a just, an useful part
Through life's uncertain maze,
Till coupled with an angel's heart,
It strike the lyre of praise.

BABE BURIED AT SEA.

THE deep sea took the dead. It was a babe
Like sculptur'd marble, pure and beautiful
That lonely to its yawning gulfs went down.
—Poor cradled nursling—no fond arm was there
To wrap thee in its folds; no lullaby
Came from the green sea-monster, as he laid
His shapeless head, thy polished brow beside,
One moment wondering at the beauteous spoil
On which he fed. Old Ocean heeded not
This added unit to his myriad dead,
But in the bosom of the tossing ship
Rose up a burst of anguish, wild and loud,
From the vex'd fountain of a mother's love,
—The lost! The lost! Oft shall her startled dream,
Catch the drear echo of the sullen plunge
That whelm'd the uncoffin'd body—oft her eye
Strain wide through midnight's long unslumbering watch
Remembering how his soft sweet breathing seem'd
Like measur'd music in a lily's cup,
And how his tiny shout of rapture swelled,
When closer to her bosom's core, she drew
His eager lip.

Who thus, with folded arms,
And head declin'd doth seem to count the waves,
And yet to heed them not? The sorrowing sire,
Doth mark the last, faint ripple, where his child
Sank down into the waters. Busy thought
Turns to his far home, and those little ones,
Whom sporting 'mid their favorite lawn he left,
And troubled fancy shows the weeping there,
When he shall seat them once more on his knee,
And tell them how the baby that they lov'd,
Hid its pale cheek within its mother's breast,
And pin'd away and died—yet found no grave
Beneath the church-yard turf, where they might plant
The lowly mound with flowers.

But tell them too,
Oh father! as a balsam for their grief,
That He who guards the water-lily's germ,
Through the long winter, and remembereth well
To bring its lip of snow and broad green leaf
Up from the darkness of its slimy cell
To meet the summer sun—will not forget
Their little brother, in his ocean bed,
But raise him from the deep, and call him forth
With brighter beauty, and a glorious form,
Never to fade, or die.—

THE BENEFACTRESS.

Who asks if I remember thee? or speak thy treasur'd name?
Doth the frail rush forget the stream from whence its green-
ness came?

Doth the wild, lonely flower that sprang within some rocky
dell

Forget the first, awakening smile that on its bosom fell?

Did Israel's exil'd sons, when far from Zion's hill away,
Forget the high and holy house, where first they learn'd to
pray?

Forget around their Temple's wreck to roam in mute despair,
And o'er its hallow'd ashes pour a grief that none might share?

Remember thee? Remember thee?—though many a year
hath fled

Since o'er thy pillow cold and low, the uprooted turf was
spread,

Yet oft doth twilight's musing hour, thy graceful form re-
store,

And morning breathe thy music-tone, like Memnon's harp of
yore.

The simple cap that deck'd thy brow, is still to Memory dear,
Her echoes keep thy cherish'd song that lull'd my infant ear;
The book, from which my lisping tongue was by thy kindness taught,

Gleams forth, with all its letter'd lines, still fresh with hues of thought.

The flowers, the dear, familiar flowers, that in thy garden grew,
From which thy mantel-vase was fill'd—methinks, they breathe anew;

Again, the whispering lily bends, and ope those lips of rose,
As if some message of thy love, they linger'd to disclose.

'Tis true, that more than fourscore years had bow'd thy beauty low,

And mingled, with thy cup of life, full many a dreg of woe,
But yet thou hadst a better charm than youthful bloom hath found,

And balm within thy chasten'd heart, to heal another's wound.

Remember thee? Remember thee? though with the blest on high,

Thou hast a mansion of delight, unseen by mortal eye,
Comes not thy wing to visit me, in the deep watch of night,
When visions of unutter'd things do make my sleep so bright?

I feel thy love within my breast, it nerves me strong and high
As cheers the wanderer o'er the deep, the pole-star in the sky,
And when my weary spirit quails, or friendship's smile is cold,
I feel thine arm around me thrown, as oft it was of old.

Remember thee ! Remember thee ! while flows this purple tide,
I'll keep thy precepts in my heart, thy pattern for my guide,
And, when life's little journey ends and light forsakes my eye,
Be near me at my bed of pain, and teach me how to die.

FELICIA HEMANS.

NATURE doth mourn for thee.

There is no need

For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,
As for a florist fallen. The ivy, wreath'd
Round the gray turrets of a buried race,
And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legends blend thy hallow'd name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
Whate'er it touch'd most holy. The pure shell,
Laying its pearly lip on Ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers, where the sea-gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee, through all the sounding deeps.
Hark! from the snow-breasted Himmaleh to where
Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,
From the scath'd pine tree, near the red man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds

Its vast columnac temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage-home, the haunt
Of Poesy.

Yea, thou didst find the link
That joins mute Nature to ethereal mind,
And make that link a melody.

The couch
Of thy last sleep, was in the native clime
Of song and eloquence and ardent soul,
Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance, that isle
So lov'd of favoring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn
Did gird itself, until the life-stream ooz'd
In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
That angels poising on some silver cloud
Might linger 'mid the errands of the skies,
And listen, all unblam'd.

How tenderly
Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest!
And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
Watch, lest some step disturb thee, striving still
From other touch, thy sacred harp to guard.
Waits she thy waking, as the Mother waits
For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
For every mountain stream and shadowy dell

Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike
The simple language of the freckled flower,
And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
And from thy living intercourse with man
Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir,
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well
From this sublunar terrace, and so long
Interpreted.

Therefore, we will not say
Farewell to thee; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities,
The sage shall greet thee with his benison,
And Woman shrine thee as a vestal flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,
 The sentence speeds—*to die, to die.*
 So long in mystic union held,
 So close with strong embrace compell'd,
 How canst thou bear the dread decree,
 That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
 —To Him who on this mortal shore,
 The same encircling vestment wore,
 To Him I look, to Him I bend,
 To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
 —If I have ever caus'd thee pain,
 The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
 With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
 And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail—
 Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease,
 Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace.
 —That thou didst sometimes check my force,
 Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
 Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
 Or bow my drooping wing to dust—
 I blame thee not, the strife is done,

I knew thou wert the weaker one,
 The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
 Constrained to hold the breath of God.
 —Well hast thou in my service wrought,
 Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought,
 To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd,
 Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flow'd,
 Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
 Of sweetly varied melodies,
 Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
 Thy feet upon mine errands run—
 Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
 Faithful and true ! farewell, farewell.
 —Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
 Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
 Where I no more thy sleep may break
 With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
 Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,
 For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
 And long thy gasp and groan of pain
 Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
 Though angels urge me hence to soar,
 Where I shall share thine ills no more.
 —Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain,
 Remember—we shall meet again.
 Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
 And keep it as a signet-ring,
 When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,

And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And, I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
“No more to part, no more to die;
Co-heir of Immortality.”

THE END.

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